The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

The Week.

THE declaration of the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday asking for the early repeal of the Sherman Silver Law, because, "under the operations of said law, great injury is being done to the financial and commercial interest of our whole country, and that confidence will not be restored until the said bill is repealed," is only another statement of the belief in the evil effect of that law which is entertained by all persons competent to speak on such a subject. The object lessons in regard to the operation of this legislation are now so plain that converts in favor of its repeal are made daily. The continued and heavy demand for accommodations made on the banks of this city by banks in the interior, coupled with the widely distributed failures in business announced every day, is proof positive that the inflation of the currency secured under the Sherman Law does not add to the wealth of persons who have not something to sell at a profit. There is every indication, therefore, that President Cleveland's effort to secure a repeal of this law by the new Congress will be successful.

An Iowa paper, the Sioux Falls *Argus*, having denied the statement that the present Silver Law was passed in order to avoid the passage of a free coinage bill, the editor of the Mitchell *Republican* addressed a letter to Senator Sherman and asked him the direct question whether that statement was true or not. It received the following reply:

"UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1893.

"DEAR SIR: Your note of the 4th is received with the enclosed clipping, which I return as requested. You are quite correct in saying that the passage of the act of 1890 was necessary to prevent the passage of the Free-Coinage Bill.—Very truly yours,

"JOHN SHERMAN."

Senator Sherman appears to have forgotten that it required the signature of the President of the United States to make a free-coinage bill effective as a law, and that the President at that time was Benjamin Harrison. It was perfectly certain that Harrison would veto the bill. It was that certainty which caused the silverites to drop their free coinage measure and accept the other thing which is commonly called the Sherman Law. The upshot of the whole matter is that the Republicans, with Mr. Sherman at their head, passed the present law rather than risk the political effects of a veto by Harrison of a free-coinage bill. They feared the consequences of a veto in the mining States of the West. Rather than incur that loss, they consented to the increase of silver purchases to 4,500,000 ounces monthly. We do not say that they were any worse than the Democrats, but it is as well to tell the whole truth as to suppress one-half of it. The half that Senator Sherman omitted is the fact that he and his party had a club in reserve large enough to have killed a free-coinage bill if it had been passed. Therefore they were not under any real necessity of passing the Sherman Bill or of compromising with the silverites at all.

Secretary Herbert has contributed to the *North American Review* an article on the "Lesson of the Naval Review," which is in the main a description of the review. What he considers the lesson of it does not clearly appear. Something of the kind comes in towards the close in the remark that, arbitration having become the mode of settling disputes between Great Britain and the United States, "it is fondly hoped that we will adhere to this method, and that in the near future the examples set by the two leading countries of the world may be followed by other nations." He predicts that when this example is followed by other nations, "the philanthropist may look forward with hope for the coming of the time bodied forth in that dream of the poet" about the Parliament of Man—the Federation of the World. But he promptly dashes our expectations by informing us that "that happy time is yet in the far distant future." But why so? Because of "the bloody record of battles in the nineteenth century." Nevertheless, it is the mission of our Government to lead in that direction, and here comes in the lesson, which is, that no nation can expect to get its disputes submitted to arbitration as we get ours, unless it has a powerful navy. There is something in this, but how it is a deduction from the review we do not see. We may be allowed to remark, however, that an article from the Secretary on our Navy and its organization and discipline would have been really interesting. About the conditions of war and peace most Americans know as much as he does. We observe with pleasure his admission that "there is a code of honor and courtesy prevailing among naval officers of all flags that is the happy growth of centuries." But will American officers long get the benefit of it if their own superiors every now and then present commanding officers to the world as liars, shirks, and malingerers? If we wish them to be treated as gentlemen abroad, we must treat them as gentlemen at home.

While it cannot be said that President Cleveland's selection of Mr. Charles W. Dayton for Postmaster of this city is an ideal appointment, as his continuance of Mr. Pearson in the office in 1885 was, still it is probably as good as could be expected under present conditions. There was no man with Mr. Pearson's qualifications in line of promotion; and in going outside the office to find a head for it, President Cleveland has in every way improved upon the selection made for the same place by President Harrison. Mr. Dayton is a man of character and standing in the city, with large professional interests, and with responsible relations to various societies and institutions which show that he has the confidence of the best elements of the community. Although he has been active in politics for many years, he has never got his living out of politics, but out of his profession as a lawyer. Though a member during the past two years of Tammany Hall, he is not to be classed, therefore, with the average Tammany man who is in politics for revenue only.

We are frank to say that we think Mr. Dayton's conduct in joining Tammany Hall in 1891, after many years of earnest opposition to it and its methods, was a very inconsistent and indefensible step for an upright man to take. So also with regard to his support of David B. Hill for the Presidency. We have never been able to see how any honest man could justify such a proceeding as that. Mr. Dayton says he joined Tammany "because there was no longer another Democratic organization in the city," which is simply another way of saying that he preferred to be a Democrat and be wrong than to be outside the party organization. After what he had said for many years about Tammany, it was impossible for him to join it without silencing, if not abandoning, his convictions. The first work it demanded of him was the support of Mr. Hill for President, and he was not equal to the task of refusing to obey orders on this supreme test of his political convictions. No man of intelligence, with intimate knowledge of New York politics, could support Hill for the Presidency without full understanding of what he was doing.

The second open Sunday at the World's Fair was like the first in its essential features, and particularly in the quietness and sobriety of the visitors. A violent storm early in the afternoon, just as the rush was setting in, kept down the attendance, but the number of people present, nevertheless, rose high into the tens of thousands. The visitors were almost entirely of the class in whose behalf the opening has been most strongly urged—the people who have to work hard the other six days of the week, and can go to the Exposition only on Sunday. The general attendance upon the Fair from out-

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side of Chicago has thus far been discouragingly small. One cause has been the fact that the newspapers made it clear that the show was not really in running order before the end of May. Another element has been the uncertainty and depression in business circles. But the chief difficulty has been the stand of the railroads in refusing to make any material reduction in rates. The expense of the trip on the cars is, of course, the first thing that everybody wants to learn, in considering whether he can afford to go. The regular fare from this part of the country to Chicago is so high that it will prove an insuperable obstacle to an immense number of people who could afford to go at half the usual rate. Thus far the railroads have made only a slight reduction, and this applies only to the least desirable trains. The result is that they are carrying much smaller loads of visitors than they expected, and while some improvement may reasonably be expected, there will be nothing like a rush until a very different policy is adopted by the transportation lines.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has made Saturday afternoon a half-holiday in that State, as it already is in New York, and there are indications that the rule will become general within a few years. This movement has a marked bearing upon one of the strongest arguments which have been urged against Sunday opening of art galleries, libraries, and world's fairs—that it would prove the "opening wedge" towards the breaking down of Sunday as a day of freedom from labor. The theory is that, if a few men, like the janitors of buildings, the attendants in libraries and museums, and the guards in expositions, have to work on Sunday in order to promote the enjoyment of a multitude, it will soon become the rule for all men to work on Sunday, and the factories and mills will before many years be running seven days in the week. Experience is here, as everywhere else, the best teacher, and experience has shown that there is no tendency whatever towards universal Sunday work in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, which have for years tried the policy of opening the best places of resort on Sunday. Moreover, during this same period there has been a decided increase in the number of legal holidays, and a reduction in the number of hours that men and women work in large establishments. In short, so far from the tendency being towards making Sunday as much of a workday as the other six, the amount of labor required on the other six has been sensibly diminished. The fear that Sunday opening of the World's Fair at Chicago would ultimately involve Sunday opening of the city's workshops, is as groundless as the fear which was expressed by many good people in New York years ago, that the same result would follow the hiring of musicians to give concerts in Central Park on Sunday.

Some people think that a possible result of the troubles and threatened rupture of the Presbyterian Church in the North will be a union between the conservatives of that branch and the Southern Presbyterians. The division of the Presbyterians into a Northern and Southern Church turned primarily on the slavery question, but the question of orthodoxy was also involved. The Southerners thought the Northerners very lax in their theory of the Bible, not to see a divine warrant for slavery in the curse pronounced on Canaan. Though that particular controversy has now passed away, it is still true that the Southern Presbyterians look upon their Northern brethren as grievously suspect of looseness in the faith. Even the conservatives of the North would be liberals at the South, and some of them had better think twice, we should say, before making themselves liable to be tried for heresy by the straiter sect below Mason and Dixon's line. The hyper-orthodoxy of the South is one of the standing paradoxes of a region where infra-morality has been too common. We do not think, therefore, that there is any great likelihood of the two sections coming together very soon ecclesiastically. It is still substantially true, as Birdofreedom Sawin's penetrating eye discovered it to be the fact thirty years ago, that, to the Southern mind—

"'Nothun religion works wal North, but it's ez soft ez spruce,
Compared to ourn, for keepin' sound,' sez she, 'upon the goose.'"

The withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church of the Rev. Dr. Ecob of Albany, in consequence of the condemnation of Prof. Briggs by the General Assembly, is significant, but by no means proves that his example will be followed by many others. He is himself of Congregational antecedents, and, like many other ministers of the same denomination, accepted a Presbyterian pastorate under the loose and almost nullifying interpretation of the Westminster Confession which has been tolerated in the liberal Presbyteries. Now that the terms of subscription are officially declared to be as strict as in the Old School Presbyterian days, the liberty which such men thought they enjoyed is seen to be seriously curtailed. It would not be strange if several others, finding themselves in a position like his, should leave the church, either openly as he does or by quietly seeking pastorates in other denominations. But the policy the liberal Presbyterians as a body seem most likely to follow is that described by Dr. Ecob as a "guerrilla warfare." That is, they mean to stay in the church, and to go on sending up a Briggs heretic to every Assembly, hoping finally to tire out the other side and secure a legal right to the opinions which they now hold in defiance of the highest court of their church.

The complicated political situation in Rhode Island is due entirely to the State's antiquated Constitution. As in Connecticut, the Republicans of the State have clung to the requirement of a majority over all for the election of a candidate for office because they have been able frequently in this way to get possession of the State Government, although their candidates for State offices have failed of election by the people. Under the Constitution, a candidate for any office must have a majority over all other candidates, or there is no election. In case of the Governor and other State officers, the election falls upon the Legislature whenever there is no choice by the people. In legislative elections, if no candidate has a majority in a district or town, a new election must be held. The expense of the first election is borne by the State, but of all subsequent ones by the town or city. If the second one results in no election, as is generally the case, then it rests with the town or municipal authorities to order a third election. If they decline to do this, the old member holds over. In the city of Providence elections are held until a choice is reached. Last year it cost the city $20,000 to choose its Senators and Representatives. When the holdover is a Republican and the local government is Republican, there is seldom a third trial, and the same is true of Democratic hold-overs in Democratic towns.

There are encouraging signs that public sentiment throughout the country is coming to recognize more clearly than ever before the necessity of intelligence in the exercise of the suffrage. The first step in this direction, of recent years, was the adoption by Mississippi in 1890 of a new Constitution which denies the ballot to the man who cannot pass an educational test. Last year two Northern States took steps in the same direction. Maine adopted an amendment to the Constitution which, while not denying the right to illiterates who now exercise it, debars from the suffrage hereafter any man who cannot read and write. California also endorsed a proposition for an educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the Constitution in the English language. Michigan has now applied the same principle in another way. The Legislature has just passed a law giving the right of voting in all municipal, township, and village elections to women, but only to women who can read, thereby meeting the objection that the proposed extension of the suffrage would result in increasing the ignorant vote. Here, then, are four States, in the extreme East and the extreme West, on the northern frontier and on the southern boundary, which show in different ways the same tendency to make intelligence a prerequisite to the ballot.

Another equally encouraging tendency is manifested in another measure adopted

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by the Michigan Legislature, which proposes an amendment to the State Constitution restricting the suffrage in the case of aliens to those who have become naturalized. Most of the Western States have been exceedingly lax in this matter, some of them allowing the most ignorant European peasant to vote upon declaring his intention to become a citizen, even if he has not been in this country more than six months. During the past winter propositions were brought forward in the Legislatures of more than one of these States to impose some measure of restriction, though we think that Michigan is the only one which took action. In other States, however, so much sentiment was shown to exist in favor of a similar stand that there is good reason to hope for legislative action in the early future. There is hardly room for argument of the proposition that no alien ought to vote in the United States until he has become a citizen of the country, which involves a residence of at least five years. Make this rule universal, and accompany it with the rule that every person, alien or native-born, who wants to vote, must know enough to read his ballot, and we shall escape many of the evils from which we now suffer. Happily it begins to look as though both of these great reforms might be accomplished.

The honors paid to the remains of Jefferson Davis in the South have excited scarcely any remark in the North. They have been regarded as proper, or, at all events, as not improper, whereas the same sort of demonstration ten years, or even five years, ago would have stirred up a great deal of angry discussion, and have led to the same kind of sectional feeling that Gov. Fairchild of Wisconsin stirred up over the return of the battle-flags. The fact that nobody in the North, except Foraker, says anything about these ceremonies is the best evidence that the sectional feeling is absolutely dead; for Jefferson Davis was the embodiment of the Rebellion. Not only was he its official head, but he held out longer than anybody else. Moreover, he was considered in the North as the great unreconciled. This was probably a misconception on our part, growing out of the fact that Davis was an undemonstrative man. In his book he advised his countrymen to give a loyal support to the Union. However, time has done its healing work, and now the widow and daughter of Jefferson Davis receive the same welcome in Northern society as in Southern.

The heavy break in the price of bicycles which occurred recently serves to call attention to the tax upon the youth of the country which the high tariff upon bicycles has imposed during the past few years. The tariff is 45 per cent., and makes it impossible to sell English bicycles, which are the best made, in this market for less than $150. The consequence has been that American manufacturers have been able to maintain prices far above what would be possible were there free competition from foreign manufacturers. Enormous fortunes have been made in the business in this country in consequence, and the number of makers has increased rapidly because of the great profits. Some idea of what these profits have been is conveyed by the reduction of the price of one maker's machines from $150 to $85. The excessive profit heretofore made has been mainly the tax which the tariff has imposed upon the boys of the land, for every well-regulated boy desires a bicycle at some stage of his career, and frequently several of varying sizes at different stages of it. That the boys should be compelled to pay nearly double for machines which are such a source of health and strength, as well as pleasure, is merely a fresh illustration of the inhumanity and selfish greed which lie at the bottom of high-tariff laws.

The Provisional Government of Hawaii cannot stand press criticism any better than an iniquitous monarchy that dared not have its doings brought to light. Their attempt to arrest Mr. Charles Nordhoff for criminal libel, on account of his letters to the *Herald*, is a confession of weakness. Minister Blount informed President Dole that he must not undertake to try an American citizen for an offence not committed under Hawaiian jurisdiction. If the "sorcerous and reactionary" Queen had undertaken to muzzle the press and arrest an American correspondent in the style of this liberty-loving Provisional Government, what a loud call there would have been for ships and troops and for blowing somebody out of the water. Minister Blount comes in for further blame for having made a public statement of his intention to protect American citizens only so long as they kept out of political squabbles in Hawaii. This is truly disheartening. What motive will be left to enterprising foreigners to kick up a row in a key to the Pacific, and get "on top" long enough to offer to give the key away, if their Minister cannot be depended upon to rush to their aid with troops and the flag?

A case involving a novel aspect of the rights of authors and publishers respectively was recently heard in the Westminster County Court, England. A Canadian writer, Mr. W. A. MacDonald, sued the proprietors of the *National Review* for the price of an article which, he claimed, they had accepted of him. He called himself a "publicist," defining that much-abused word to mean "one who writes on subjects of social science from the standpoint of natural law mainly." That definition is well worth paying for in itself, and the presumption would be strong that an article by its framer on "The Humanitarian Spirit Examined" ought to be jumped at by any editor on the author's terms. This the latter very naturally supposed the editor of the *National Review* had done, after receiving a "proof" of his article. After correcting and returning this he waited some time for his article to appear in print, and finally wrote complaining of the delay, whereupon his article was returned to him. He brought suit, contending that setting up his article was tantamount to accepting it. The defence was that there was no express stipulation to use the article, and that it had been set up simply to give the author "an opportunity of seeing his work in print," and to facilitate "the task of the editor in reading and judging of the article." Brother editors were summoned to testify that the practice was not uncommon, and one publisher took the stand to maintain that the editor had acted within his legal and professional rights. But the presiding judge brushed all this aside, and held that to put a manuscript in print was to "exercise the right of ownership over it." He therefore found for the plaintiff for £11 and costs. The decision has caused a great fluttering among English editors and publishers, and they are urging the defendants to appeal.

The opening of the new port of Tunis a few days ago was a political as well as a commercial event. The city of Tunis is situated at the end of a gulf too shallow for any but the lightest boats, and its port has been the town of La Goletta, with which it is connected by a short railroad. It will be remembered that the acquisition of this road at an extravagant price by the subsidized Florio-Rubattino Company, by alarming the French, was one of the chief immediate causes of their conquest of Tunisia in 1881. Italy has never frankly recognized the protectorate then established. Although she gave up her consular courts, she has maintained a separate and superfluous post-office, has vigorously encouraged Italian schools, and has striven in various ways to extend her influence in the country. The Tunis-La Goletta Railroad, which has kept its Italian character, has represented this influence. Frenchmen have had to use it, even if they revenged themselves by riding third-class to diminish the receipts. Now that a canal and a harbor have been dredged in the gulf, the road has lost nine-tenths of its importance, for henceforward all ships will be able to come directly up to the capital. The work was so energetically pushed that it has been completed considerably earlier than was required of the contractors who undertook it. There can be no doubt that it will be advantageous enough to Tunis to have been well worth doing for its own sake; but it is also true that it is a severe blow to the Italians in the losing struggle they are keeping up against a state of affairs which they cannot bring themselves to accept, but are not strong enough to change.

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OUR MODE OF LEARNING POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WE were among those who urged the calling of an extra session of Congress in April last to deal promptly with the financial question, while admitting freely that there was one serious political objection to it. That objection was the probability that if Congress were called together in Washington so soon after the incoming of a new Administration, the majority in both houses, far from giving their attention to the national finances, would plunge madly into office-broking, and that their office seeking constituents would flock to the capital to seek their fortunes in unusual number. Before a situation of that kind the Administration would, of course, be powerless, and worse than powerless, to bring about legislative preparation for the financial trouble which all intelligent observers saw was impending even before President Harrison went out of office. But it would have had the effect of relieving Mr. Cleveland of a responsibility which seemed too great for any one man to bear, and have brought Congress face to face at once with the work which sooner or later Congress, and Congress only, can do and must do. As a general rule, it is sound policy to put responsibility as soon as possible on the person or persons to whom alone it belongs.

As matters have gone, however, Mr. Cleveland's delay has found very instructive justification in the course of events. The long-expected crash has come. Gold is leaving the country, as competent observers have for years predicted that it would in case our policy about silver were persisted in. But, instead of going quietly and unostentatiously, as the silver lunatics have supposed it would, it is pulling down the banks and business houses by the score all over the country, and spreading universal alarm as it goes. We are coming down to a silver basis with a thud that is shaking the credit of the whole country to its foundations People are finding out that money does not creep into their pockets unawares simply because there is plenty of it afloat; that no matter how much even silver money there may be, it cannot be obtained without parting with something for it in exchange; that it cannot even be borrowed without giving good security, and that you cannot either suddenly or gradually, in a great commercial country in time of peace, drop down from one standard of value to a lower one without filling all owners of money and goods and all money-lenders with terror, and making them hoard what they have got like village misers.

There is no doubt that this experience which we are now witnessing will be invaluable in bringing about the needed legislation, and that, in short, when Congress does meet, President Cleveland will be able to face it with arguments far more potent than he could have used last April. Of course the cost of these experiments is frightful. We shall probably not come out of this one at an expense less than hundreds of millions of dollars. But it appears to be plain that in no other way will the American people learn the laws of trade and finance. They will not pay any attention either to their own experience or that of other countries, if it be bygone and recorded in a book. This very crisis we are now going through will be described and explained in scores of volumes by historians and economists, for the guidance of future generations, but it is very likely, if we may judge from the past and present, that future generations will pay no attention to it whatever, and will denounce the men who quote the historians and economists as "doctrinaires" and "theorists." To show what rational men have to contend with at times like the present, let us quote the following, which we cut from the latest issue of the Vicksburg (Miss.) *Commercial Herald* to come to hand:

> "The most hopeful sign of financial relief is the suggestion which comes from Washington that the Government will issue more greenbacks, rather than issue bonds and increase the national debt. That is in accord with the views we expressed a few days ago. That course would be a declaration to the world that this Administration is not afraid of the credit of the Government, and is determined to keep in circulation enough currency to carry on the business of the country with confidence and ease. It would mean that the Government does not rely on the gold reserve to sustain the value of its issues, but that it relies on its vast resources, and the confidence of American citizens in its notes and other evidences of debt. If Mr. Carlisle would announce that he intended to issue one hundred millions in greenbacks to give the people sufficient currency in the place of the gold exported, he would block the game of the contractionists at once. Their game is to make gold scarce and frighten the Government and people into hoarding it. The Government can easily checkmate them by freely issuing new greenbacks, which are preferred by the people."

There would be no use in arguing with this man, or lending him books, or citing history to him, or expounding Gresham's law to him. He would tell you that Gresham was dead, and that the "bookmen" were visionaries, and that to a nation of 65,000,000 it made no difference what the intrinsic value of its currency was. To bring him to a rational frame of mind, his bank has to burst up and refuse him accommodation, his notes have to be protested, his creditors have to come down on him, his butcher and grocer have to insist on cash, and his sons have to be discharged through the ruin of their employers. Very likely, in spite even of these things, he would continue for the rest of his life to ascribe his ruin to the secret machinations of Wall Street and the "gold-bugs."

Whether anything can be done in the way of popular education to put an end to these recurrent outbreaks of financial folly, is a large and difficult question. Of the saving in money which any such preventive would effect it is not necessary to speak. We are presenting a spectacle to the world to-day which is making popular intelligence in America a subject of merriment in foreign countries. The continued purchase of silver was bad enough, but the persistent refusal to believe that it would end as it is ending looks like the spendthrift's childlike faith in the inexhaustibility of his patrimony.

There are two agencies at work, however, producing and prolonging these delusions, which do not appear on the surface but are very potent. Of one we have often spoken—the invention of the greenback, and the Supreme Court's sanction of its issue in time of peace. The other is the density of the medium in which economic laws have to work in the United States. By this we mean the slowness with which the consequences of economic follies make themselves felt, owing to the abnormal prosperity of the country. A country which adds half a million of adults to its population by immigration every year, and has abundant material resources to put them to work on at once, and is overflowing with commercial enterprise and energy, requires double and treble the time usually allowed by financial writers for the working out of an economic prediction. The economists, for instance, expected the silver craze to reach its crisis five years ago; and when it did not come, the people derided the economists, and began to listen more and more seriously to the Merry Andrews of the Populist persuasion. But the laws of trade work very like an Indian in pursuit of an inexperienced white man. No matter how rapidly the white man may flee him, the Indian never changes his pace, and at last overtakes him on a tired horse and has his way with him.

PROF. BRIGGS AND THE CHURCH.

THE final judgment pronounced on Prof. Briggs by the General Assembly on Thursday, and the series of deliverances made on his views and on the attitude of Union and Lane Seminaries, complete, for the present, the official record, and define with sufficient clearness the attitude of the Presbyterian Church. We are not greatly concerned with the merely ecclesiastical and denominational effects of this decision of the Assembly. It is clear that the end of the trouble is by no means in sight as yet, but it now seems most likely that there will be no secession or excision of the friends of Prof. Briggs, in spite of their solemn protest against his suspension from the ministry, and of their tacit endorsement of his obnoxious views. They apparently propose to stay within the Church, and go on agitating for toleration of the opinions which its highest tribunal has now declared incompatible with the obligations of its ministers and office-bearers. Such a course is not calculated to win them much popular sympathy. If they had resolutely stood by their convictions and withdrawn in a body, as the Scotch ministers did at the disruption of 1843, they might have stirred enthusiasm for their courage and

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self-sacrifice, as the seceding clergy of Scotland succeeded in rousing the cold-blooded Jeffrey into thanking God that he was a Scotchman. But to protest and then stay in and submit is not exactly heroic, however wise and politic it may be.

However, what the public is most interested in is not these details of internal denominational policy so much as some of the general aspects of the question. For one thing, the judgment recorded against Prof. Briggs marks perhaps the longest step any influential denomination has taken in abandoning the old idea of the Church as a divine institution, and in adopting the modern conception of it as a social club. Curiously enough, this great change was most strikingly confessed in the speech of one of the strongest opponents of Prof. Briggs, and one of the stoutest sticklers for the good old ways. Dr. Roberts insisted that the Church was a purely voluntary organization, with a creed and discipline freely adopted, just like the rules and by-laws of a club. If anybody did not approve the rules, he ought to withdraw, and there was no injustice in putting him out if he did not. This was not to pronounce judgment upon the expelled member's character either as a a man or as a Christian. In fact, all the conservatives profess extreme regard and even love for Prof. Briggs, and wish him all manner of success in some other "field of labor."

This is a tremendous departure from the old idea of the Church and the old idea of a creed. How great it is may be seen by simply turning to that creed which marks perhaps the highest consciousness of the Christian Church as a lawgiver on earth with divine power of inflicting punishment for violation of law—the Athanasian Creed. There is nothing of the club idea in its opening sentences: "Whoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the catholic faith. Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." Club by-laws scarcely read in that fashion. Then the creed went on to define down to a hair's breadth what the catholic faith is, and wound up: "This is the catholic faith which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." Under that creed, heretics were not dismissed to some other field of labor, with expressions of personal affection, but were cut off from the congregation of the faithful, body and soul, and sentenced incontinently to hell. Even so late as the time when the Westminster Confession was framed, this idea persisted in a form strong enough to assert the duty of civil magistrates to lay violent hands on a heretic, and only two hundred years ago a man was hung in Scotland for being unsound on the doctrine of the Trinity.

The strange thing is, that these mild and benevolent heresy-hunters of the present day do not see how the toleration which they profess—with perfect sincerity, we do not doubt—strikes out the enacting clause, so to speak, of any official creed. It leaves it like a law with no penalty attached. If it is all a matter of personal choice, and if a man's character and prospects, in this world and the next, are just as good without belief in a particular creed as with it, then to prosecute a man for not believing in it is a most pointless proceeding. As we have said, and as the conservative theologian, Dr. Roberts, admitted, it reduces the Church to the status of a social club and the creed to a by-law.

The truth is, the Presbyterian Church, by the form and implications of its condemnation of Professor Briggs, has been forced to take the vitality out of the very doctrines which it professed to be establishing and reverencing. It has declared him guilty of vital error. It has taken pains to reassert, with particularity and vehemence, the essential nature of belief in certain doctrines. Yet for refusing to accept them it has not impugned his Christian character, questioned his profound piety, or even declared him unworthy to be a private member of the Presbyterian Church; the only thing he must not do is to preach. This is practically to assert that the creed amounts to nothing, and good character to everything. It is to make the application of the term unbeliever or heretic perfectly meaningless, and to give fresh point to what a prominent clergyman said of William Lloyd Garrison, as reported by Oliver Johnson, that to call him an infidel would be to make men ask what was the value of Christianity.

INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURES.

THE Consular Reports which the Department of State issues and prints each month usually find their way to the waste-basket as promptly as the great mass of the matter put forth by the Government Printing-office. But occasionally they contain items that are interesting and suggestive, not the less so because the consuls who send them in are often unaware of their significance. Items of this sort we find in a report in the April number from the Consul at Bermuda, on the commercial relations between that island and the United States and England.

Bermuda is an English dependency, in regular communication with the mother country. It has also regular communication with the United States, and commercial relations with this country that are steadily becoming closer and more intimate. In such a place English and American producers meet in competition on terms of absolute equality. There is little prejudice or fashion to favor the goods of one country or the other; and whether American or English products shall hold their own in the markets of the island, is simply a question of price and quality. Examining now the course of trade in the island, we find very curious resemblances and equally curious differences between the American and English goods which make their way there. Some textile goods, like bleached and unbleached calicoes and Canton flannels, come from the United States. Other textile goods, such as worsteds, hosiery of all sorts, embroidery and trimmings, come exclusively from England. Some manufactures of metal come from one country, some from the other. Hardware, locks, bolts, hinges, cut-nails, and axes, come from the United States. Cutlery, wrought nails, plate-iron and corrugated-iron, come from England. Carriages, wagons, glass and glassware, watches and clocks, leather and rubber goods, all come from the United States. In general, this country supplies much the larger part of the manufactured commodities used, and on the whole secures much the larger part of the trade.

Considering what has been dinned into our ears during the last twenty years about pauper labor and the necessity of protecting American industries from the competition of the wretched laborers of the Old World, we must be surprised at this condition of affairs. Here the American manufacturer has a fair field and no favor. He has to pay his higher wages, he sends his commodities to a market where they compete with those made by the English capitalist with his low interest and the English laborer with his meagre wages, and yet he holds his own, and apparently is conquering a larger and larger part of the field. In some directions, it is true, the English producer can beat him; and certainly it is an interesting inquiry why he succeeds in some industries and fails in others. The direct explanation of the successful invasion of this neutral, nay English, market by so many American industries is simple enough. If calicoes and hardware and glassware and furniture are sent to Bermuda and sold in face of English competition, it is because they are made cheaper and better in the United States. The laborers who make them get higher wages than the laborers who make the same sort of thing in England, but then they turn out more goods and better goods. They are more efficient, and high wages paid them are no obstacle to selling the goods at a low price. And the laborers are more efficient partly because the men of this country are more active, more intelligent, more strenuous; partly because the machinery with which they work is more ingenious and more effective; and partly because the general organization of industry is more active and more enterprising. The opportunity for these distinctively American industrial qualities is greater in some directions than in others. Worsted goods, hosiery, and cutlery seem best to be made in the more conservative English way, and, accordingly, in these England maintains the market.

The question may now again be fairly asked, and it is a question which has con-

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fronted the country ever since tariff reform became the crucial question: Which sort of manufactures should our legislation encourage? Shall it direct labor and capital to those industries in which they are effective, and are applied with vigor and spirit and ingenuity; to those industries, in other words, in which we turn out a cheap and good product that holds its own in neutral markets without fear of competition? Or, shall labor and capital be turned to those manufacturing industries in which labor is ineffective, and in which high American wages therefore constitute a difficulty for the manufacturer, and impel him to call upon the Legislature for protection against the foreign competitor who pays lower wages? Our protectionist friends are for ever saying that but for high duties this would not be a manufacturing country, and that we should be reduced to one monotonous level of purely agricultural production if it were not for the tariff. The question between high and low duties, however, is not a question between manufactures and agriculture. It is a question between some kinds of manufactures and other kinds of manufactures; between those that give American industry its fairest field, and those that need aid and subsidy. The Bermuda instance, small as its scale is, shows how large is the range of the independent and efficient manufacturing industry, and how hopeful is the outlook if we withdraw the premium on turning our productive forces into industries where they are lame and dependent.

ELECTORAL REFORM IN HOLLAND.

WHILE considerable attention has been given recently to the efforts by the masses in Belgium to obtain universal suffrage, the strides in the same direction by its northerly neighbor have been only casually mentioned. They have been wanting in the sensational features of the Belgium struggle. But there has been a long-growing conviction, not confined to any particular class or party, that the basis on which the electoral franchise was founded was too narrow. The Constitution of 1848 was an immense step forward in the direction of self-government, as by its provisions the second chamber was for the first time to be elected by direct suffrage. But it made the right to the franchise dependent on the payment of a certain sum in direct taxes. The minimum amount was to be $8, the maximum $65.

A strong and healthy political life sprang into existence under these regulations. Sometimes complaints were heard, especially in the large cities where the property qualification was highest, emanating from professional men and others who were qualified by their education to take part in political life, that they were unjustly excluded. Propositions were made, but never carried into effect, to remedy this by allowing holders of university degrees and other graduates of the higher educational establishments to vote without any property qualification. But the interest which the question excited was comparatively small, and sweeping reforms found few, if any, advocates in Parliament. Although to many of the Liberal party the regulations of 1848 seemed final and the question of political rights for ever settled, it was clear to Thorbecke, who, more than any one else, might claim to be the father of the Constitution of 1848, that it was merely the first step which ultimately was to lead to universal suffrage.

Gradually the Liberal party, which had got into power in 1848, and which, under the leadership of men like Thorbecke, had started out with enthusiasm to reform existing abuses, lost its vigor and enthusiasm. Their opponents, on the other hand, gained strength. The struggle was no longer with the so-called Conservative party. The enemy the Liberal party had to meet was the alliance of the ultra-Protestants and ultra-Catholics, the former of whom especially had few followers among the middle classes, but found their support principally among the masses. By them the question of electoral reform was put forward, and, as the old issues gradually disappeared, it became the question of the hour. When it became necessary to revise the Constitution on account of the necessity of regulating the succession to the throne, the sections relating to the electoral franchise were also subjected to a revision. After endless debates, a section was adopted which left the regulation of the whole matter to Parliament, "under such conditions as to intellectual 'fitness' and social well-being as it shall deem best." It was clearly intended by this section to require both a property and an educational qualification, but the extent and nature of such requirements were to be regulated by statute. The only class which was excluded by the Constitution was paupers—to wit, such persons as received aid either from the State municipalities or organized religious bodies.

When, in 1891, the Clerical Ministry fell and was succeeded by a Liberal Government, one of the first measures proposed was an electoral-reform bill. Following the terminology of the Constitution, the bill declared that the ability to maintain one's self and family was sufficient evidence of social well-being, and that the ability to write a letter asking to have one's name put on the electoral lists was sufficient evidence of "fitness" within the meaning of the Constitution. Only paupers and illiterates were, according to the provisions of the bill, to be excluded from the franchise. It is thought that the resulting number of electors will be about 1,000,000—more than double the present number. The advocates of the bill fully realized that, under its provisions, the danger of unlawful bribery and pressure would be increased considerably. To meet this a bill was introduced to establish the Australian system of voting.

The great question is, whether the present rulers will have sufficient faith that the people will exercise wisely the power conferred on them by the bill. It must be remembered that at the present time, as far as practical liberty is concerned, Holland compares favorably with any other country. Liberty of speech and of the press is recognized and protected, and it is only natural that hesitation should be felt in introducing a sweeping reform by which a large mass of half-educated voters are brought into the political system. The example of the United States is appealed to by both parties, with arguments and instances that our readers can easily imagine.

PARTY GOVERNMENT IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, April 17, 1893.

THE Japanese are beginning to discover that before their Parliament can become an organic part of the nation, it must have a history. By this I do not mean that the people fail to take an interest in parliamentary affairs, or that the members of Parliament are lacking in a knowledge of the forms and spirit of parliamentary life. On the contrary, the people, if anything, are too deeply absorbed in politics, and their leaders certainly have a great deal of political tact and instinct. The members of Parliament speak fluently on the issues of the day, they understand party tactics, they throw themselves into the spirit of a campaign—sometimes not wisely but too well—and they know parliamentary procedure quite as well as their Occidental prototypes.

It is precisely because the Japanese take such a keen interest in their Parliament and because they propose to take full advantage of it, that the struggle now going on between the Government and the people promises to be so exciting. The real results of the four sessions of Parliament are meagre enough. In the first session, after much controversy, there was effected a reduction of expenses amounting to six and one-half million yen in a total expenditure of about eighty million. In the second session, the Opposition members proved still more implacable in their demands for retrenchment, and it ended finally in dissolution. During the third session the members, in the absence of a budget to contend with, voted representations tantamount to a vote of censure of the Government. The fourth session is just finished, and, though finally more fruitful in results, is nearly stranded on the rock of dissolution. To the superficial observer the whole struggle is an affair of "shreds and patches," without any solid purpose or principle. There is much acrimonious discussion between the Liberal members and the Cabinet on trivial items in the budget, much talk of economy, and yet it is doubtful whether any member seriously believes that the present expenditure is much beyond the reasonable requirements of the Government. In certain cases the demands of the Liberals are wholly impracticable, and, if carried out, would render the Government helpless. There is also at times a disposition to petty economies that tends to alienate sympathy from the Liberal cause.

The present struggle between the Liberal parties and the Government, so far from being a modern effervescence, is the result of politi-

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cal events that occurred at least three hundred years ago. The whole story, if adequately told, would be one of absorbing interest, but hardly an outline can be given within the limits of an article. When Ieyasu, in 1603, became Shogun and established the Tokugawa line of rulers in Japan, he needed all his astuteness and diplomacy to make certain powerful clans of the *Kwansei*, or southwestern part of the country, acknowledge his supremacy. Indeed, two clans, those of Satsuma and Choshu, never absolutely and implicitly submitted to the Tokugawa dynasty, and were restive under its authority. The Revolution of 1868 is usually described as a revolt against the usurping Tokugawa Government in favor of the Mikado, the true ruler of his country; but this explanation, thus broadly stated, is not sufficient. The initial leaders of the Revolution were the semi-independent clans of Satsuma and Choshu (the *Satcho*, as they are called) who had been unwillingly forced to take a subordinate place two centuries and a half before. They longed for revenge, and so skilfully did they combine the motives of self-interest and loyalty that they divided the adherents of the existing Government, and finally overthrew it. The Satcho had won a great victory, and, after such a long period of waiting, it can hardly be wondered at that they vigorously applied the principle that to the victors belong the spoils. Not only did they assume the direction of the Government, but they filled nearly every Government post of importance with their fellow-clansmen. I have heard a Japanese, himself of Choshu, thoroughly familiar with the Government, give a list of the principal offices in the Government service—the Railway, the Telegraph, the Post-office, the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, the Colonial Bureau, and especially the Army and Navy—and a very large percentage of them had been filled with men from Satsuma and Choshu, two prefectures which, in population and wealth, are not much above the average of the forty-odd prefectures of Japan. Even the prefectural Governors, corresponding to our State Governors, but appointed by the Minister of the Interior—instead of being chosen on the home-rule principle—have too often been men from the favored provinces or with Satcho proclivities. In a word, the whole Government of Japan, during the last twenty-five years, has been emphatically Satcho—a close oligarchy united by motives of self-preservation and clan feeling. There was no hope of advancement for those who were known or suspected to be hostile to the Satcho. Every change of Government—and changes have been frequent—has been but little more than a fresh disposition of the old materials. "They only change about the same old mats" (*tatami*), said Mr. Fukuzawa, one of the acutest minds of Japan, in a peculiarly Japanesque figure of speech.

The effects of this oligarchic government upon the people have been decisive, and are likely to furnish the material for a long parliamentary struggle. Let us say at once that in the main the Satcho leaders have been men of power, courage, and intelligence. When they took possession of the Government, the country, politically, was in dire confusion, and they restored it to order upon lines of modern progress. They introduced banks, railways, telegraphs, and organized a system of primary and secondary education. Scarcely any one of the leaders connected with Government during the last two decades has been a nonentity; the majority of them have been men of at least a safe ability, while several have been men of distinguished political talent. Their only important failure as administrators arises from their inability to eliminate personal envy and ambition from their own ranks. Nearly every Satcho statesman has at one time or another gathered together a party in order to carry out certain measures, and nearly every one has suffered failure as soon as he rose beyond a certain pitch of popularity, through the opposition of rivals within the same charmed circle. Indeed, had the Satcho succeeded in presenting a united front, as harmonious as it was active, it is doubtful whether to-day any real inroad could be made upon its power.

As a matter of fact, however, the Government of Japan has become about as unpopular throughout the length and breadth of the country as the English Government has in Ireland. This almost universal hostility to the Government is primarily due to the feeling that the administration is not national but oligarchic—much as Americans might feel if Tammany got its grip on the whole national Government. Several minor causes have given intensity to this dislike of the Satcho, and chief among them may be mentioned the arrogance and officialism of the rulers, affecting a proud and sensitive people. The Japanese have for centuries, indeed, been accustomed to an absolute form of government, yet mainly it was the government of their own clansmen to whom they freely yielded loyalty and obedience. When clan government was abolished in 1870-71 by the voluntary action of the daimios, or provincial lords, it was certainly impolitic to keep up the traditional hauteur of Government officialism. The middle classes, composed of farmers and small merchants, catching the spirit of the West, felt more and more restive under their new masters, whose merits they were more disposed to criticise than to acknowledge. "Moral forces rule the world, but at short range the senses are despotic," is a truth that probably accounts for much in the present situation of Japan. The official too often regards himself as a superior being to whom the people must give obeisance, and this air of moving in an atmosphere apart is resented by the voters.

Again and again it is said by foreigners in Japan that the present agitation is not backed by public opinion, that it is merely the work of professional politicians and of the "outs" who would like to get in. A self-seeking element of this kind attaches itself, as a rule, to most liberal movements, and certainly exists to a degree in the present liberal parties of Japan. But on the whole the anti-Government parties represent the real sentiment of the people, or at least of that portion of the people entitled to vote. There is a feeling of opposition and resentment against the existing Government so deep-seated that nothing short of a radical change can appease it. The cry for greater economy, for party government, for the reformation of this or that department, is really only a means to an end, and the end is the overthrow of the Satcho. Even the parties opposed to the Liberals hardly dare to say a word in favor of the present Government for fear of losing what influence they possess. The present leader of the Jiyu-to, or Radicals—Count Itagaki—is trying with might and main to introduce the English system of party government and responsible cabinets into Japan. More than once he has been called the Jean Jacques Rousseau of his country, and no man in Japan is probably more admired and loved by the great mass of people who think of political matters. I doubt, however, whether his popularity is strictly due so much to his espousing the cause of party government as to the fact that the people hope to break down the power of the set of officials who now have all the loaves and fishes. The distinction may not be considered important, and in fact the two objects are probably vaguely confused in the public mind, the cause of popular liberty being identified with the dislike of the Satcho. And yet, unless we make the distinction, it is impossible to explain the rapid development of the demand for party government and responsible cabinets. G. D.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1893.

THIS year's Salons are a triumph for the foreigner in Paris, and more especially for the American. It seems almost as if that wonderful period of activity and vitality among French painters which began with the masters of 1830, was nearing an end, and that the traditions then established were being passed on to men of other nationalities. The reason of the importance of both exhibitions has always been their international character. While in London, at the Royal Academy, it has been one's privilege—or misfortune—to study real British art in all its purity, in Paris the Salons have represented the art of the world, and not merely the work of men who happened to be born in France. This is as it should be: art knows no artificial frontier, it recognizes no petty custom-house restrictions. But, for all the generosity on the part of French artists, the interest of the Salons hitherto has centred about *their* contributions. They have been the leaders of every movement and its most accomplished exponents. Even last spring, when good work was the rare exception, and sensationalism, for the time, took its place, the most successful and conspicuous sensations were of French origin. If there were no Corot, no Manet, no Degas among the exhibitors, there was still a Jean Béraud.

But this year even sensationalism appears to have been exhausted, while the good work is rarer—that is, from Frenchmen. The most notable feature of the new Salon is the absence of its most distinguished supporters. Without Cazin and Besnard, without Boldini and Alfred Stevens, the Champ-de-Mars has lost its old distinction. Jean Béraud himself is missed, if it be only because now there is no one special picture to hold the crowd, as in England Frith's "Derby Day" once drew the British public who thronged Burlington House. To make matters worse, Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent are both counted among the absent, while M. Puvis de Chavannes sends only a large cartoon, so lacking in elegance of composition and in vigor and refinement of drawing that it seems but a feeble travesty of the beautiful decorations of the Hôtel de Ville at Amiens or the picture in the Luxembourg. Nor is M. Carrière at his best; he begins to sacrifice much of the old charm of his work to his mannerisms, which, in the end, irritate. And Roll, once, at least, a brilliant experimentalist, now condescends to the *grand machine* in a colossal record of a centenary celebration, with M. Carnot for central figure. Good work there still is: from Rafaëlli, with the Paris streets which he sees and expresses with such strong and delightful individuality; from Aman-Jean, who makes of every portrait or study of a model an excuse for a perfect harmony of form and color; from Blanche, who is fast learning to combine something of the charm of the old English portrait with the methods of to-day

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from such painters of landscapes and marines as Eliot and Lepère.

At the old Salon as well there are a few genuinely fine pictures, though, as was to be expected, the greatest industry and energy have been expended on the dreary stretches of canvas which are but monuments of mistaken toil and enterprise. There is nothing in the collection more ambitious than Munkacsy's "Arpad," destined for the Hungarian Houses of Parliament in Budapest; and yet from its ugly color and confused design one turns with relief to the perfect little landscapes by Pointelin and Gosselin, small as they are, or to the only less lovely impressions of De Poittevin, of Baillet and Clary, to the portraits of Desvallières and Mlle. Beaury-Sorel.

These, where French painters are concerned, are the exception. As a rule, the painting that commands attention, that holds its own among the thousands of mediocre productions, is signed by the name of a foreigner in France, oftener than not by an American. And this fact is but the more striking at the Champ-de-Mars, where, whatever may be the actual results of this year's show, the general average is so much higher, even the failures so much more interesting and significant. Carolus Duran's vulgarities are overshadowed by the honest, straightforward (though not beautiful in color) rendering of a group of three young men by Mr. Herbert Olivier, an Englishman who has still his laurels to win at home. Though Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Lavery have before now done greater credit to the Glasgow school, their careful, well-observed, excellently painted portraits help one to forget the inanities of Frappa, and Friant, and Duez. But among the portrait-painters, it is, above all, Mr. J. W. Alexander who triumphs. Only in M. Aman-Jean does he find a rival. He sends three full-length portraits, long and narrow in shape, of a beautiful woman. One, compared to the two others, is somewhat commonplace. The black gown is too heavy, the figure set with too sharp an outline against the background, the pose not remarkable, while the rendering of the face shows the difficulties which the coarse canvas Mr. Alexander uses presents to him. But for the others there is nothing but praise. In both, the pose has elegance, and character, and grace; in both, the color-scheme is fine; in both, the treatment is admirable. Of the two, perhaps the one in gray has more charm, for here there is a lovely harmony of curves in the hair brought low over the ears, in the swing of the bulging balloon skirt; a delightful arrangement in the lines of a really ugly gown which Mr. Alexander, probably remembering what Velasquez made of the unæsthetic hoops of his Infantas, has converted into a thing of beauty. A red flower stuck in the hair gives the one necessary touch of positive color to the delicate silvery grays. Mr. Alexander has never done anything better; these pictures lead one to look to him for even greater triumphs in the years to come.

In landscape, however, the honors fall, not to an American, but to Mr. Conder, an Australian, whose reputation is still to make; he has much to learn of the loveliness of form and line in nature, but the secret of her color he has mastered, and in his canvases you will find the golden green of summer's foliage, the glowing white and rose of spring's blossoms. The Americans from whom, after Mr. Alexander, is had the strongest showing, are Mr. Alexander Harrison, whose work is always interesting as a serious, true, technically sound study of nature, though it may lack the "little more" which makes the artist; Mr. J. Humphreys Johnston, whose low-toned, sombre harmonies reveal far more feeling for the painter's poetry; Mr. Howard Gardiner Cushing, who, taking the drawings of Holbein as models, has produced some remarkable portraits. The work also of Miss Trotter, of Mr. Holman, of Miss Nourse is workmanlike and sincere, if not very distinguished; and Mr. Rolshoven, in some studies of night in Italy, has made a distinct advance.

It is to be regretted that all the American exhibitors do not obtain their effects by equally legitimate means. But to one it has been left to perpetuate the foolish Cheret craze of last year, and to fill a canvas, meant presumably to decorate, not the open street, but a room or hall, with figures like puppets, and impossible blues, and a light that comes from any place but the row of lamps in the foreground; to another, to add to last year's already too plentiful crop of "holy" pictures, a haloed Virgin, clasping a smaller halo to her bosom, as night falls over the desert with its melodramatic Sphinx; while a third, if he cares for it, may claim the distinction of having contributed to the Champs-Élys es the cheapest and most pretentious of the big *machines*—a vapid anecdote, better suited to the child's story-book than to paint, with Columbus as hero to catch the present popular fancy. Americans in France, it seems, must go to one extreme or the other: they either excel, or else, in silliness and sensationalism, they outdo even the Frenchman in pursuit of popularity.

Of the other foreigners at the Champ-de-Mars, the Scandinavians Thaulow and Zorn come most conspicuously to the fore, for, strangely enough, Edelfelt and the Germans Liebermann and Uhde, as well as Mesdag, are absolutely uninteresting. Another curious fact is the distinguished prominence attained by Mr. Burne-Jones, who sends his "Mermaid" (famous as the only picture he has ever exhibited at the Royal Academy, one of the Perseus series) and the portrait of the son of Mr. Comyns-Carr. By his side the other mystics and symbolists, Schwabe and Frédéric and De Groux, and all but Aman-Jean, are just now most ineffective.

At the Champs-Élysées, if there be nothing quite so good as Mr. Alexander's portraits, there are fine studies of cattle in a charmingly luminous landscape by Mr. Bisbing, and excellent examples of Mr. Bridgman, Mr. MacEwen, Mr. Sterner, Mr. Truesdale, and Mr. Thorne. The Glasgow School is again well represented by Mr. Roche and Mr. Paterson; and the English, not by Mr. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Herkomer, though they exhibit, but by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, who has startled all Paris by a strong but somewhat violent painting of "Buccaneers" in a boat on a blue sea in intensely brilliant sunlight; and by Mr. Altson, who has made new use of that now all but threadbare subject, the nude in the open air.

In engraving and etching and lithography, the French hold their own more successfully. M. Lepère's wood-engravings, printed in water-colors, deserve more detailed notice than can be given them in such a general summary of the two Salons. These, and the etchings by M. Helleu and the lithographs by M. Lunois and M. Dulac, are, by the artist, to be counted among the most important work in the Champ-de-Mars. But in the old Salon, it is Mr. Wolf, with a frame of proofs of engravings already published in the *Century*, who does most to redeem a collection of black-and-whites appalling in its mediocrity and dulness.

Of the sculpture at the Champs-Élysées there is little to say. Everywhere one is confronted with the inadequate results of misguided energy and complete misunderstanding of the scope and limitations of the art. At the Champs-de-Mars, matters are not quite so hopeless. The sculptors exhibiting are fewer in number, and their work infinitely better. It suffices to say that they include Rodin, Meunier, and Dampt. The metal work shown is also excellent. Nothing better has been done in modern times than the reliefs and vases of Carabin, Charpentier, and Joseph Chéret.

N. N.

Correspondence.

TOPICS OF THE DAY AND OF YESTERDAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One hundred and sixty-nine years ago the Rev. Joseph Sewall, son of the famous judge and diarist, and "Pastor of a Church of Christ in Boston," delivered the annual election sermon before the assembled dignitaries of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. A few days since, I had occasion to disturb the dust of a century gathered on a copy of this discourse, and in so doing came across some passages which read curiously now—indeed, like a far-away echo of to-day. The reverberation, too, had a sort of mocking sound.

Sabbatarianism, temperance, and the currency were active issues then and are active issues still. Thus, more than eight generations ago, did the Rev. Joseph Sewall improve the occasion in regard to those issues while addressing, in May, 1724, the Great and General Court of Massachusetts:

"Improve your Authority that the Lord's Day Sabbath may be strictly observed. God gives his Sabbath to his People as a Sign between him and them; and strictly requires them so to Remember it, as to keep it holy; Exod. 20. Jer. 17. 21, 23, 27. And it hath been often observ'd that as the Sabbath is Sanctified or Profan'd; so Religion is won't to flourish or decay. This then is most worthy your Pious Care. Blessed be God for the Good Laws we have to bind us to this Duty; and for that Care which is taken to Execute them. However, There is need that some further Care be taken, that under a pretence of keeping the Night before or after the Sabbath day-light, both Evenings be not us'd as common Time. And is not the Evil Custom of keeping open Shops on the Evening before the Day, a Prophanation of the Sabbath, which ought to be Reform'd? And then, As there ought to be no Recreations, no carrying of Burdens, no needless Journeys on the Lord's Day, so it might be a very acceptable Service to God, if some effectual Means were us'd to suppress Disorders between Meetings in our Country Towns, where they live at a considerable Distance from the Place of Publick Worship, and tarry at or near the Meeting-House. As also to prevent all unnecessary Harnessing of Horses, and Driving of Coaches on the Lord's Day; that both Man and Beast may Rest according to the Commandment. Yea to prevent the attending of Funerals when no present Necessity requires it."

"Again, Let me humbly Inquire, Whether something further may not be done, to put a stop to the growth of Intemperance, and Excessive Drinking, which threatens us with an over-flowing Scourge of Woes and Miseries. Isai. 28. 1, 2. Wo . . . to the Drunkards of Ephraim . . . Where this Sin prevails, it provokes God to withdraw even the common Restraints of his Spirit. Eph. 5. 18. Be not drunk with wine, wherein is Excess; but be filled with the Spirit.' Sensual, having not the Spirit, Jude v. 19. Now it is Notorious that this shameful Vice is dreadfully predominant in this Land. And it is high Time to inquire, Whether the numerous Licences given to Tavern-keepers and other Retailers of Strong Drink, do not greatly provoke God and cause

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the guilt of this hainous Sin to lie heavy upon the Publick? Is not the good use of Taverns mischievously perverted? Is it not Scandalous to the Profession of Christianity, that Publick Houses shou'd be so much frequented by Town-dwellers? Undoubtedly it is. And it is your Duty by your Example and Authority to testify against this Abuse.

"Lastly, My Text leads me to commend it to Your Endeavours, That the Publick Faith and Justice be preserved, relating to our Bills of Credit, which are sunk much below the Value of their Denomination. The Eighth and Ninth Commandments require You to take effectual Care that the Bills of Publick Credit, which are in a manner the only Medium of Trade, be not made a Cruel Engine of Oppression. They that Rule over Men must be Just."

A.

BOSTON, June 4, 1893.

AN IMPUDENT INQUISITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Home Market Club of Boston, having recovered from the effects of a grand banquet to McKinley, has turned its pernicious activity in a new direction. It is trying, in sneaking fashion, to interfere in the government of Harvard College. A month ago, as you are aware, the names of eighteen candidates for Overseers of the College were suggested. To each of these persons Mr. Albert Clarke, the Secretary of the Home Market Club, addressed a note stating that "A Harvard alumnus, a member of this club, desires to know whether you favor protection or free trade. You are not obliged, even in courtesy, to answer, but if you do, your reply shall be regarded as confidential." To this question most of the candidates replied, and now Mr. Clarke publishes their replies in the *Home Market Bulletin* for June, only omitting the names of the writers, in order, I suppose, to keep his promise, like the honorable gentleman he is, in regard to holding the replies "in confidence." But as he labels each letter "From a School Superintendent," or "From the President of a Telephone Company," etc., etc., it requires no keenness to penetrate the disguise.

As my object in addressing you this letter is solely to call the attention of Harvard graduates to an impertinent intrusion into the affairs of the College, I need not take notice of the suggestions which Mr. Clarke makes on finding that out of the thirteen candidates who replied to him only two are protectionists. Since 1866, when Harvard alumni first voted for Overseers, they have deprecated any attempt to thrust partisan politics into the affairs of the College. Naturally, the Secretary of the Home Market Club cannot understand how, when we want to choose an Overseer, whose business it will be to discuss voluntary prayers, or the admission of women to the Divinity School, or the confirmation of a professor of pedagogics, we should be indifferent as to his position in national politics. If Mr. Albert Clarke were more conversant in these matters, he would know that politicians have never yet prospered by meddling in Harvard elections. I believe that I represent ninety-nine out of every hundred graduates when I say that they will tolerate no inquisition or interference from political or religious sectaries.

HARVARD A. M.

BOSTON, June 4, 1893.

SEX IN MATHEMATICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter printed in this week's *Nation*, under the caption "Sex in Mathematics," Mr. Werner A. Stillé seems to have missed the point which is aimed at—or should be aimed at—in such remarks as those he quotes from the *Nation* and criticises. In order that statistics showing women's capacity in a given field of intellectual work should be weighty and significant, it is not necessary, as Mr. Stillé seems to think, that they should conclusively show that women are about equal to men in ability in that field; and, in the particular instance criticised, no such claim was set up for the statistics. The purpose they do serve is the rebuttal of a presumption which never rested upon any basis of fact whatever. It would be presumptuous to base any accurate comparison of the abilities of the two sexes upon a few instances, though not more presumptuous than to hold opinions confidently on the subject in the absence of all opportunities for comparison, as all the world has done until lately; but even a few instances (provided they are not so few as to appear in the light of *lusus naturæ*) are sufficient to weaken fatally a mere presumption. Moreover, it is remarkable to what a degree they have succeeded in doing so, especially in this question of mathematics. Twenty years ago it was, so far as I can judge by my own experience, almost universally supposed that women had a special inaptitude for mathematics, over and above any general mental inferiority which might pertain to their sex; now one seldom hears such an opinion expressed in university circles. And surely the circumstance that out of thirty-eight Newnham students eight have selected the mathematical tripos out of six possible triposes is entitled to decided weight in connection with this question. Young men certainly don't devote themselves to the most strenuous mathematical work out of "pure cussedness"; and there is no reason to suppose that young women do.

Yours very respectfully,

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, June 2, 1893.

EARLY ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "R. O. W." criticises a notice of our exhibit at the World's Fair, in which Bullokar's 'English Expositor' is shown and labelled "the first English dictionary," and an edition of Bailey's is exhibited as "the first illustrated dictionary."

As regards the 'Table Alphabeticall' of Cawdrey, mentioned by "R. O. W.," the publication of which antedates Bullokar's 'Expositor,' the only description of it which we could find did not make it clear that it could properly be called a "dictionary" in the sense in which that word is used in our exhibit; we accordingly omitted all reference to it.

Bailey's Dictionary is exhibited by us as "the first illustrated dictionary" because, as the label placed upon it implies, it was (so far as we know) the first to include a woodcut which is not a mere heraldic diagram; and it was because the 'Glossographia Anglicana Nova' (which we carefully compared with the Bailey) contains such diagrams only that we did not exhibit it. Your correspondent states that the 'Glossographia' "contains woodcuts, illustrating *for the most part* words belonging to heraldry." This implies that there are some illustrations in it which do not belong to heraldry, but a reëxamination of our copy (ed. 1707) does not reveal any. If "R. O. W." has a copy issued before Bailey's containing genuine (non-heraldic) illustrations, we should like to know it, so that we may make the necessary change in our label.

THE CENTURY CO.

NEW YORK, June 2, 1893.

Notes.

HARPER & BROS. announce 'Recreations in Botany,' by Caroline A. Creevey; 'The Handsome Humes,' by William Black; and 'The Decision of the Court,' a one-act play by Brander Matthews.

A sequel to the 'New England Girlhood' of the late Lucy Larcom is in preparation by a near relative, assisted by those with whom Miss Larcom discussed freely her own unfulfilled autobiographical intentions. The work will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who also announce the Life of Dr. Chalmers, by Mrs. Oliphant, in the series, "English Leaders of Religion."

Tait, Sons & Co. announce that they will shortly issue a new series of handsomely illustrated crown octavos, comprising 200 titles, which "exhaustive inquiry made of the leading librarians throughout the country has shown to be the books most in demand in their libraries, and, therefore, the best 200 books, according to a consensus of opinion of the whole of the United States."

Ginn & Co. will issue this month 'Practical Elocution,' by Profs. R. I. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood.

Underhill & Nichols, Buffalo, N. Y., have nearly ready 'The Niagara Book,' with sketches by Howells, Mark Twain, Prof. Shaler, and others.

The forty-fifth volume of the *Century* (November to April) contains the fragment of a sketch of the historian Parkman which was the last undertaking of the lamented Lowell. The most striking single article, however, is perhaps the tale of the Chicago Anarchists by Judge Gary—not the Anarchist Geary who concocted the Chinese Expulsion Act. The letters of the Sherman brothers are brought down to the Presidential campaign of 1872, from which Gen. Sherman resolutely withheld himself as a candidate, magnanimously desiring the success of Grant as against Greeley. There are fresh examples of the work of our younger American artists, and a notable group of musical articles, preëminent in which is Saint-Saëns's tribute to Liszt, though Massenet's slight autobiography has a certain charm. Decidedly worth rescuing from virtual non-publication was Admiral Ussher's account of the deportation of Napoleon to Elba.

Mr. E. N. P. Moore's translation of the first book of Cicero's 'De Oratore' (London: Methuen & Co.) is correct and also agreeable to read. The English form is idiomatic, without being disfigured by any of that kind of modern phraseology which, right enough in its own place, yet comes like a shock when met with in a translation of a classical author. Mr. Moore may fairly be congratulated on success in what, in his preface, he modestly calls his vain ambition, "to let his English retain something of the Ciceronian style." In connection with his task it is interesting to note that he made the translation while teaching the original to the sixth form at Clifton. It is no wonder that the English surpass us in literary appreciation of the Latin classics when such books are read even in the schools; nor is it strange that American schoolboys, after years spent on nothing but introductory readers written to sell somebody's latest "method," and on Cæsar taught as a medium for orthographical and syntacti-

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cal problems, should abandon the study of Latin as soon as possible after being released from school. The pedagogues have only themselves to blame for this result. In no direction does the course in most of our preparatory schools need widening and enriching more than in the number and variety of the classical authors that are read therein.

'Recollections of an Egyptian Princess by her English Governess' (Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons) is a narrative of the principal events of a five years' residence at the Court of Ismail when he was at the height of his prosperity. The chief interest will naturally be found in the glimpses which Miss Chennells gives of the domestic life of a great Oriental household. Having free access to the harem at all times, and being an inmate during the latter part of her term of service, she saw it under every possible condition, and tells very simply, but graphically, not only of the ordinary customs, occupations, and amusements of the women and their attendants, but also of the ceremonies connected with royal betrothals and marriages and the great festivals. Although in this particular household there was much that was bright, and contentment, if not happiness, seemed to prevail, yet the impression is left of an existence hopelessly aimless and monotonous. To reform this through education, the Khedive not only maintained schools for the girls of the higher classes, but caused his own daughter and her slave companion, a most attractive Circassian girl, to be brought up in the same manner as English girls until the time of their seclusion in the harem, and even then their studies continued until their marriage. In addition to the account of her intercourse with these children and their playmates, Miss Chennells gives interesting descriptions of scenes in Cairo, on the Nile, and in Constantinople, where two summers were spent.

Neither Mr. Astor's new London *Pall Mall Gazette* (International News Co.) nor *McClure's Magazine* (New York, 743 Broadway) creates a new type. Both are illustrated, but the former is much the more elegantly printed. The *Pall Mall Gazette* combines belles-lettres with politics and the questions of the day. *McClure's Magazine* has no political department; but Mr. H. W. Massingham tells of "A Day with Gladstone," and M. de Blowitz discourses on "Europe at the Present Moment." Mr. McClure borrows an idea from the *Strand Magazine*, and shows us portraits of Mr. Howells, Prof. Boyesen, Gen. Lew Wallace, and Alphonse Daudet, at various ages. Prof. Boyesen somewhat unctuously applies the interviewer's mechanism to extracting the main facts of Mr. Howells's career from his own lips or pen.

The monthly *Writer* (Boston), having suffered a long eclipse, owing to editorial disability, drops a year out of its continuity and resumes publication with the May number as if nothing had happened.

In the *Harvard Law Review* for May, Mr. F. J. Stimson reviews the work of the conferences of State Commissions for unification of law held within the last year, adding the forms of bills recommended and resolutions adopted. There is not much in Mr. Stimson's article to which attention has not already been called, and it does not appear that any of the proposed legislation has yet been enacted. Still, we regard it as a gain that the unification of laws has been brought to the attention of legislatures, and doubtless practical results will eventually follow. The practice in reference to executing and acknowledging deeds and wills might easily be made uniform, possibly also that as to bills and notes and weights and measures. As to uniform laws relating to marriage and divorce, there is less prospect of agreement, and the differences of opinion are reviewed by Mr. Stimson with a discrimination not unmixed with humor.

A recent number of the *National Geographic Magazine* contains an account of "The Movements of Our Population," by Henry Gannett, which is of service for the condensed form in which a variety of conclusions are presented. This is partly accomplished by the use of plates, but the accompanying text is clear enough of itself. Mr. Gannett's inferences are drawn almost exclusively from the census reports, which he seems to regard as of equal value, no allowance being made for the errors of 1870 and 1890. We do not observe that any account is taken of the return of immigrants, a factor of much importance. Reasoning from the present rate of increase of the white race in the Southern States, and its former rate of increase in the Northern States, Mr. Gannett thinks that if the fifteen millions of immigrants coming here within the last fifty years had stayed away, our population would have been nearly as great as at present. In other words, the Yankee stock has chosen sterility rather than competition with foreign elements. This may well be true, and if dwelling upon it would improve matters, it should be reiterated; but the mischief, if such it be, can never be undone.

The Correlation Papers, published as Bulletins of the United States Geological Survey, have been lately increased by two valuable numbers—the "Newark System," by Prof. I. C. Russell, lately of the Survey but now at the University of Michigan, following the late Prof. Alexander Winchell; and the "Archæan and Algonkian," by Prof. C. R. Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin—these being the sixth and seventh essays of the series, and constituting Bulletins 85 and 86. Both papers are extremely thorough in their bibliographical treatment; both embrace all the described areas in our country of the formations that they consider; both present an abstract of all published material and summarize its conclusions. All of this work was undertaken in order to make as sure as possible that the correlations to be indicated by corresponding colors on the folios of the forthcoming Geologic Atlas of the country should be correct, and it is manifest that work done so thoroughly will not soon have to be done over again. Apart from this professional use of the results, these correlation papers form monographic studies which are invaluable to advanced students in geology, from the concise character of the summaries that they present.

The School of Applied Ethics advertises that it will hold no summer session at Plymouth, Mass., in view of the competition of the World's Fair Congresses and for other reasons. Those who are disappointed by this decision may find consolation in the summer lectures to be given at West Chop, Martha's Vineyard, during the first three weeks of July, under the general direction of Prof. A. R. Marsh of Harvard College. Prof. George H. Palmer's field will be Philosophy and Ethics; Mrs. Freeman's, History and Theory of Education; Prof. C. S. Minot's, Biology and Marine Life; Prof. A. B. Hart's, American History; Prof. G. L. Kittredge's, English Literature; Prof. G. H. Chadwick's, History and Theory of Music; and Prof. Marsh's, French and Italian Literature.

The preparatory commission, appointed to choose a site for the coming great Exposition of 1900, met at Paris on May 14. Four projects were laid before it, of which three agree in selecting the Champ de Mars, taking in the esplanade of the Invalides, part of the quays and of the Champs Élysées. The other, more ambitious and also perhaps more striking, would set up the Exposition in the centre of the city by utilizing the garden of the Tuileries, the Seine covered over from the Pont de Solferino to the Pont des Invalides, the Palais de l'Industrie and its approaches, the esplanade of the Invalides, the Champ de Mars, and the Trocadéro, with the principal entrance on the Place de la Concorde.

A correspondent writes, apropos of a publisher's statement which we reproduced:

"In No. 1457, under 'Notes,' the statement is made in reference to a forthcoming edition of Tacitus's 'Dialogus,' that it 'has never before been done in English'; a claim which has been made elsewhere also. The 'Dialogus' was edited with English notes by George Stuart in 1875, and has ever since been bound up with the Tacitus of the Chase and Stuart series, published in Philadelphia."

—Nothing in the June *Atlantic* is more likely to rouse deep and perhaps partisan interest than Mr. Winsor's judicial statement of the advantages which might result from an adoption of a uniform scheme of paternal supervision over our local public libraries. Such supervision, for which the germ already exists in Massachusetts, would direct the local committees in the choice of books, provide for cataloguing them uniformly and scientifically, furnish approved material appliances for library service, and aim at centralization of experience as well as the manifold economy that comes from coöperation. The law of growth in all communal matters may doubtless be working the doom of petty local corporations, but the New Englander, at least, could scarcely see without regret the disappearance of the older system, through which village pride and individual effort found so strong and enduring an expression, and the installation of the approved modern system, with its tendency to red tape and the dangers of a bureaucracy. The other papers are less suggestive in character. Prof. Whitman makes a strong plea for the erection by private endowment of the present marine biological laboratory at Wood's Holl into a marine observatory thoroughly equipped for the advancement of biological science, for our higher educational needs, and for the continuing there of those recent special biological investigations into the "history of life" which have already had a marvellous influence on the thought and action of our time. Mr. Manatt sketches lightly the more picturesque side of the late Dr. Schliemann's character, and Mr. Merwin brings forward facts to show that extreme gregariousness is a national and (by a direct, though unexplained, implication) an essentially American vice.

—The more serious articles in the *Century* are singularly even in point of value. The most important is that containing Dr. Prudden's vigorous protest against the laxity of the nation in guarding the public health, his plea for a great central bureau of health, like those long ago established in countries less indolent with regard to their own physical welfare, and his practical suggestions as to its composition. The most interesting, on the other hand, is Mr. Jaccaci's sympathetic though somewhat elaborate essay on Vierge, "'the father of modern illustration,' whose vivid and fertile Spanish genius is thus first made fully known to most Americans. Archibald Forbes tells simply the story of the Prince Imperial's death, and draws with his habitual clearness the main lines of

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the Prince's character; Mr. Finck writes succinctly but adequately of Robert Franz; and Walter Camp discourses on college athletics without attempting to apologize for the enormous factitious importance which boyish sports have been allowed to assume in the college world, or the ludicrous and often degrading situations in which they are continually placing institutions once consistently dignified. Mr. Gosse's essay on Christina Rossetti, in spite of its introductory excrescence, gives an excellent idea of the least known but the most sincere of the Pre-Raphaelites. Jonas Stadling's artless record of the utter misery of the hunger-stricken Russian provinces in 1892 and Theodore Roosevelt's "In Cowboy-Land" should have stood side by side, not separated by an obviously farcical story. In each the author modestly disappears, and the cowboy's reckless vigor stands out almost gleefully against the grim tragedy of the muzhik's living death.

—Dr. Keene's justification of vivisection, in *Harper's*, by maintaining that the immense progress in brain surgery during the last fifteen years was made possible only by experiments performed on living animals, is notable both argumentatively and for its lucid statement of facts not generally known in regard to cerebral surgery. As an argument it should set the popular mind for ever at rest on a topic that for many years revived among a certain class in England and America a dormant mediæval prejudice against all dissection not obviously justified by an immediate end in view. As a narrative of progress it tells a marvellous tale. A simple series of experiments with the electric battery on the brains of living monkeys has located positively the areas that are centres for muscular movements of the various parts of the body. It has therefore been possible, by a knowledge of the almost exact parallel between the brain of the monkey and the human brain, to determine the precise location of the motor areas in the latter. By a careful study of the relation between the brain and the skull and a simple but exceedingly ingenious device for calculating it in any given case, it has been further made possible to open the skull at exactly that part of the motor area which the operator desires to reach. So accurate, moreover, has the art of cerebral localization become that the surgeon can determine from the mere exterior of the head, without the guidance of bumps or fractures and by sheer inference from muscular movements, the exact spot at which the brain is diseased. By an almost painless operation at that point, the surgeon can open an abscess, remove a tumor or a clot of blood, or, in many cases, by removing parts of the motor area, relieve or cure mental disorders. The result is that the percentage of recovery in cases of injury to, or disease in, the motor area of the brain is large, and that, almost inconceivable as it appears, further progress in the same line seems inevitable. Another article of interest, though for very different reasons, is one on the Empress of Austria, by one of her ladies-in-waiting. It has all the savor of the genuine court memoir, and is nowhere more amusing than when the author naïvely interrupts her rhapsodies on the eminent feminine virtues of her imperial mistress to reveal the fact that the Empress not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, but in addition consumes every evening several terribly strong cigars.

—*Scribner's* shows a premature summer languor, which is best accounted for by the fact that nearly two-thirds of it is given over to divers species of the serial—or the semi-serial—article, the subject of each series being dispiritingly familiar. The leading article, the second instalment of a cycle on men's occupations, deals with nothing more enticing than life in a logging-camp. Robert Blum's charmingly illustrated but exasperatingly incoherent account of his stay in Japan, and Mrs. Burnett's autobiography, both of which end in this number, have long ago lost their piquancy. In Mr. Robert Grant's fresh serial, which continues the "Reflections of a Married Man," we also find ourselves on familiar ground. Even the detached articles concern themselves with subjects which, in general or in particular, are somewhat worn—our common birds and that once puzzling Australian curiosity, the duck-billed but mammalian platypus.

—The Geographical Club of Philadelphia, an association which has recently come into prominence through its efforts to aid Mr. Peary's new Arctic expedition, has published No. 1 of its Bulletin, a paper on "Mountain Exploration," by Mr. Edwin Swift Balch, a mountaineer of standing among the climbers of the higher Alpine peaks. The paper, which is written in a singularly picturesque manner, deals with its subject in its broadest aspects, artistic, geographic, and purely pleasurable, and will supply many useful hints to those who have had little or no experience in high-mountain climbing, and who contemplate cultivating what is to many a most fascinating exercise. From its pages we learn, what will doubtless be an interesting fact to Americans, that the first real Alpine ascent took place in the Columbian year 1492, when Mont Aiguille, in Dauphiny, a mountain 6,080 feet in height—consequently lower than Mt. Washington, in the White Mountains — was ascended, by royal command, by Julien de Beaupré, chamberlain to Charles VIII. of France. The following interesting account of this "remarkable" ascent has come down to us: "On June 26, 1492, I, François de Bosco, almoner to the Seigneur Julien de Beaupré, in company with other hardy adventurers, ascended the Mont Eguille, or Mont Inaccessible, and the day following, having said Mass on the said mountain, ate, drank, and reposed thereon. The Seigneur Julien de Beaupré changed the name of the mountain from Eguille, or Montague Inaccessible, to Eguille forte, causing it to be solemnly baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity by a certain Sébastien de Carect, one of the Royal Chaplains, and afterwards chanting the Te Deum, Salve Regina, and many other anthems." The progress of four hundred years' climbing is measured by the interval between 6,000 and 23,700 feet, the highest point reached in the Himalayas by Mr. Graham. Carefully planned work will, doubtless, still further broaden the gap in the next few years, and the possibilities of the future are plainly read in the record of the past thirty or forty years. In the 1854 edition of Murray's 'Handbook of Switzerland' we find the interesting statement that "the ascent of Mont Blanc is attempted by few; those who are impelled by curiosity alone are hardly justified in risking the lives of the guides. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made the ascent have been persons of unsound mind."

—M. de Vogüé and the neo-Catholics are not to have everything their own way with French undergraduates. A "Ligue Démocratique des Écoles" has been formed to combat what its active spirits consider a dangerous reaction, and has had a series of public meetings, with addresses by prominent men. As published, these "conférences" already make quite a respectable "librairie," in which one reads such titles as 'L'État et l'Église,' by Charles Benoist, and 'Le Devoir Présent,' by Paul Desjardins. The latest issue is 'Science, Patrie, Religion,' by Prof. Aulard of the Sorbonne (Paris: Colin & Cie.). Occupying the chair that he does (History of the French Revolution), it was but natural for M. Aulard to define his task as that of placing his eager young hearers "sous les auspices de la Révolution française." But he did not stay long in the past, speedily coming to pay his respects to those "five or six gentlemen—no more—of leisure and ability" who have found "Chateaubriand's inkstand and set about adapting to present-day taste, by putting on Russian ornamentation, the somewhat faded picturesqueness of the 'Génie du Christianisme.'" These observers have made the discovery that the youth of France is smitten with a deadly disease, and, pursuing their graceful auscultations, they declare the cause to be the loss of the soul. They say that the young men have heard voices, they know not whence, and are "wandering around the altar of the Unknown God." Not at all unknown is this God, affirmed Prof. Aulard; "on the contrary, we are very well acquainted with him, and everybody knows for how many centuries he has put fetters on the reason." And if it is a question of sickness, what is to be said of the mental health of those who, under the name of neo-Christians, or neo-mystics, or what not, are working, if their vague words have any meaning at all, to restore the intellectual slavery of other days? If duty and science, as they say, do not satisfy the needs of their spirits, it is because they have too superficial a notion of duty and too fragmentary an idea of science.

"You who speak of faith, you are yourselves the men of little faith. You do not believe in humanity. . . . So, then, to your mystical faith we oppose our human faith, and we shall not allow you longer to question the reality of this faith, our right to join forces for the purpose of affirming it, or our zeal in publicly sustaining it against all the aggressive revivals of the theocratic spirit which you champion."

—The aggressiveness is not all on one side, if we may judge by the extraordinary occurrences at Prof. Aulard's lectures in the Sorbonne. Take the record of events for May 17. The amphitheatre is crowded a quarter of an hour before the Professor enters. As he appears, loud and prolonged cheering arises, and cries of "Vive Aulard, vive la Révolution, vive la République!" resound. M. Aulard opens his lips to begin his lecture, when fifteen or twenty of the Catholics among the students rise in a body and leave the room ostentatiously. They are followed to the door by a large number of Liberals, who eagerly, but in perfect silence, march after them into the street, where fists and canes are soon called into requisition to settle the nice historical points in debate. Meanwhile, in the lecture-room, Prof. Aulard goes on calmly describing the session of the Convention on April 19, 1793, when the article on religious liberty was under discussion. Occasional bursts of applause from within carry cheer or discouragement to the combatants outside, who finally bring the gendarmes down upon their heads, four of the students going off under arrest to continue the debate before the police magistrates.

—The common saying that one has to go abroad to hear the best of the home news is

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admirably exemplified in a recent number of the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*. M. Michel Delines devotes a column to the setting forth of an astonishing feature of American journalism. French newspapers, he says, do not mind misprints very much. A *coquille* that does not absolutely tear the earth up and threaten to bring the roof down on the compositors' heads, is left for the reader to correct. At the very worst, the correction would be limited to a simple erratum. Far different is it in America. There editor, proof-reader, compositors attack each other in the columns of their paper when a misprint occurs. "This is what happens constantly in America," M. Delines says, "and the numerous Parisians who are going to Chicago will have occasion to find it out, as I have just done." And then he goes on to relate the appalling case that he refers to. An American editor apologizes for a misprint, laying the blame on his proof-reader, and adding the remark that if that careless person would occupy himself a little less with the pretty girls who work in the press-room, and flirt with the proofs a little more, such blunders would not happen. To this paragraph the proof-reader appends a note to explain that his eyesight is not very good, and that he needs new spectacles, which he has been meaning to buy out of the ten dollars and a quarter which the editor has owed him since last December. Besides, the best reader in the world would be of no use in an office where the compositors throw every day more type at each other's heads than they set. Then the compositors take their innings, assailing the reader of proof with many unkind and discourteous remarks, of which the least offensive is that the oldest settler has never seen him sober. All this, M. Michel Delines informs us, is only the plain unvarnished truth about American newspaper ways. It is a simple, unexaggerated record of events which he has just found "dans un récent numéro de *l'Arizona Kicker*," and which he swallows whole without one gasp of incredulity.

RECENT POETRY.

No aspect of what Hawthorne called "the toy of royalty" in England can put the whole institution in a less attractive light than the process, already begun, of turning all the poems of condolence addressed to the Princess May upon the death of a betrothed spouse into songs of rejoicing over her acceptance of his brother's wooing. It was naturally Mr. Alfred Austin who took the lead in this performance, and it is rather satisfactory to see that he has not won the laureateship by it, although it is very probable that his successful competitor, Mr. Lewis Morris, may have a similar production already in press. If a rhymer is so eager to be a sycophant, should he not have the opportunity? But it is less satisfactory to see that Mr. William Watson, who is Mr. Austin's ardent admirer, is now adapting himself to a different task, and transforming his strain in a manner quite as objectionable. Having achieved all his earlier laurels by the repose and dignity of his muse, he is now attempting to make himself lively with that "heavy-bumping lightness" (*schwerfällige Leichtigkeit*) which Heine long since attributed to the English generally. Of his 'Eloping Angels' (Macmillan) the best that could be desired is that these heavenly wanderers should elope in earnest, and never return, so wholly flat and laborious is their escapade. His verses to Oscar Wilde are a shade better, because his theme lent itself so readily to comedy. They are based on Mr. Wilde's announced intention of becoming a naturalized Frenchman:

> And wilt thou, Oscar, from us flee,
> And must we henceforth wholly sever?
> Shall thy laborious *jeux d'esprit*
> Sadden our lives no more forever?
>
> And all thy future wilt thou link
> With that brave land to which thou goest?
> Unhappy France! We *used* to think
> She touched, at Sedan, fortune's lowest.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> May fortitude beneath this blow
> Fail not the gallant Gallic nation!
> By past experience, well we know
> Her talent for recuperation.
>
> And as for us—to our disgrace,
> Your strictures' truth must be conceded.
> Would any but a stupid race
> Have made the fuss about you *we* did?

This last verse is a home shot, and the whole may be found (p. 146) in the last edition of the 'Poems' of William Watson (Macmillan). There is something disarming in the modest prefatory "Prelude," but it is impossible to read the collective works of this author without feeling a sense of thinness of material and even of palpable imitation. The former weakness is certainly self-revealed in effusions like this (p. 36):

> ART MAXIMS.
>
> Often ornateness
> Goes with greatness;
> Oftener felicity
> Comes of simplicity.
>
> Talent that's cheapest
> Affects singularity,
> Thoughts that dive deepest
> Rise radiant in clarity.

And so on for several more verses. The other tendency—namely, to imitativeness—is shown in such a line as that which closes one of the sonnets celebrating England (p. 83):

> "Then, when she wound her arms about the world,
> And had for vassal the obsequious sea,"

which instantly recalls Wordsworth's celebrated lines about Venice:

> "And when she took unto herself a mate,
> She must espouse the everlasting sea."

Again, in his poem beginning "In the night, in the night" (p. 161), the refrain, which is all that gives the verses their charm, is taken directly from the well-known German lyric of Count Platen.

This habit of imitation is not confined to Mr. Watson, for his friend and rival, Mr. Alfred Austin, adding to the large library of his publications a tame dramatic poem called 'Fortunatus the Pessimist' (Macmillan), gives us as the climax of his hero's self-torture this appeal to his mistress (p. 135):

> "Latest and loveliest of my dreams, farewell!"

which is a poor reproduction of Browning's

> "Last of my dreams and loveliest, depart!"

in "Sordello." He also borrows Browning's "Aprile" from "Paracelsus," and sets her and his other leading characters in such a frame of ribboned and blithesome stage-peasants as to put the whole performance long leagues away from that rural England which Mr. Watson thinks Mr. Austin was sent into the world to restore. That the two poets should thus appear to combine forces and accept the same false and conventional tendencies is a curious outcome of Mr. Watson's early Wordsworthian zeal. If we cannot obtain simplicity even in the Watsonian school, where shall we look for it? As to strength, the only contemporary English poet who ever gives us a glimpse of the heroic and Elizabethan quality is Michael Field, who, when resolved into his original elements, is well known to consist of two shy ladies in an English country town.

In 'Poems Dramatic and Lyrical,' by John Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley (Macmillan), we, however, find, rather with surprise, an occasional note so strong as to make it inexplicable why so little has been heard of him. The following, for instance (p. 207), is but one of many grave and thoughtful poems which separate their author from "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." (Several of these poems, including that which we quote, are illustrated with designs by C. S. Ricketts, which enhance their meaning and have a Dürer-like quality.)

> THE TWO OLD KINGS.
>
> In ruling well, what guerdon? Life runs low,
> As yonder lamp upon the hour-glass lies,
> Waning and wasted. We are great and wise,
> But Love is gone; and Silence seems to grow
>
> Along the misty road where we must go.
> From summits near the morning star's uprise
> Death comes, a shadow from the Northern skies,
> As, when all leaves are down, there comes the snow.
>
> Brother and King, we hold our last carouse.
> One loving-cup we drain, and then farewell.
> The night is spent. The crystal morning ray
>
> Calls us, as soldiers laurelled on our brows,
> To march undaunted, while the clarions swell,
> Heroic hearts, upon our lonely way.

Among recent English publications, the 'Sursum Corda' of F. W. Bourdillon (London: Unwin) is a pathetic example showing how easily a reputation, made by a single poem, may be lost by a good many others. The little book, however, contains a remarkably successful translation of Victor Hugo's wild poem, "The Djinns." 'Poems by Violet Fane' (London: Nimmo) expresses in two volumes the whole life-work of a woman of poetic temperament—Mrs. Henry Singleton, whose maiden name was Mary Montgomerie Lamb. The profusion and the grace of these verses recall the similar literary work of Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, but neither attains to a permanent hold on memory or imagination. 'Shadows of the Lake,' by Frank Leyton (London: Longmans), is the fourth edition of a collection of poems of local tradition, which are mostly in the minor key, and some of which have been favorably noticed in these columns. 'Love-Songs of English Poets,' with notes by Ralph H. Caine (Appletons), is a fairly good compilation of love poetry, with critical prefixes almost as commonplace as Dr. Johnson's notes on Shakspere, and some singular omissions. Thus, in selecting love-poems from Shelley, Mr. Caine omits

> "One word is too often profaned,"

and he cites Hartley Coleridge without giving his finest poem,

> "She was a queen of noble Nature's crowning."

Of the long poem in blank verse by the late Earl of Lytton, 'King Poppy' (Longmans), it can only be said that its title is singularly felicitous. We are reminded by it of the legend of that New England clergyman who once gave a series of four discourses on Sleep, with illustrations by the audience.

The most significant and interesting of recent English books, in the way of poetry, is a new volume of the "Canterbury Poets," containing 'Songs of Freedom,' selected and edited by H. S. Salt (London: Scott). Beginning with Burns and Shelley, it is drawn from the whole range of freedom-loving poets, including corn-law rhymers, American abolitionists, Chartists, Socialists, and "Young Ireland" minstrels. The American authors who appear are Bryant, Emerson, Garrison, Pierpont, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Elizabeth Chandler, E. H. Sears, Whitman, Miller, O'Reilly, Higginson, and Roche. Unluckily it is not very correctly printed; Higginson's poem "Heirs of Time," for example, having two flagrant substitutions of one word for an-

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other, distorting the sense. As a whole, it is an interesting and striking collection, although Swinburne's superb "Song in Time of Order" is omitted, apparently by his own desire (p. xxiii.).

Of the new Columbian-Year poems we note 'Chronicles of Christopher Columbus,' in twelve cantos, by Margaret Dixon (Putnams). Part of the merit of this may lie in the fact that it was first published twelve years ago and is now simply "revised by the authoress for the Fourth Centenary," but it is certainly a shade above the platitudes which we have hitherto chronicled in this particular connection. The little drama called 'The Death of the Discoverer,' by Willis Steell (Philadelphia: Murray), must rank, we fear, among the platitudes; and so, certainly, must 'The Conquest of Mexico and Peru, prefaced by The Discovery of the Pacific: an Historical Narrative Poem,' by Kinahan Cornwallis (*Daily Investigator* office), whose previous labors in this direction we have duly commemorated. As, however, Mr. Cornwallis prints editorial applauses to the extent of twenty-six closely printed pages, at the end of his stout volume, he will doubtless regard our hopeless dissent as merely the unreasonable obstinacy of the eleventh juryman.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor's 'Song of the Ancient People' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) deserves to escape from that doom of early oblivion which has engulfed all Indian poems except 'Hiawatha,' and may yet submerge that. It is a really strong and noble treatment of the traditions of the highest of Indian races, the Zuñis; and though Mr. Cushing's commentary may elucidate the poem, it is scarcely needed. There is here a certain simplicity and directness through whose influence even the details of form and color and vestments become attractive, and the tinted illustrations by Julian Scott are too genuine and sincere to be called melodramatic. The whole book forms the first literary record of a civilization, or semi-civilization, utterly unique and well worth preserving.

Mr. Richard Hovey, already favorably known by his 'Launcelot and Guinevere,' has attempted in his 'Seaward' (Boston: Lothrop) an almost hopeless task. It is an elegy on the death of the late Thomas William Parsons, the poet. It is almost hopeless, because the very essence of what we demand, as a tribute to an eminent man, is concentration, not amplification—to state him in as few words as possible, instead of spreading the tribute over as many. In this respect the subject of these poems set a worthy example to their author. Mr. Parsons's permanent ground of fame lay in the fact that he put the essential points of the whole story of Dante's life and genius into half a hundred lines. Is it an adequate recognition of this service to expand Mr. Parsons's own story into a hundred? Whatever the grace or beauty of the execution—and both qualities are sometimes apparent—they cannot overcome this incongruity which lies at the foundation. A great living artist has said that the first test of a painter's skill is to adapt the size of his canvas to the subject he treats. Nor is it possible to make of Parsons anything but a morbid and self-cloistered figure, utterly out of touch with the vigorous life around him, hating his own environment, his own Puritan ancestry, and yet unable to achieve for himself an isolated repose. Mr. Hovey's comparison of him to Collins is more felicitous than is the scale of his tribute; and the best thing to be said for Parsons—and it is a good deal to say—is that his one fine early poem, like Blanco White's sonnet, will preserve the author's name after all else that relates to him is forgotten.

Miss Edith M. Thomas, in her 'Fair Shadow Land' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), shows her usual fertility and grace, her skill in half-tints, and her gift in the selection of titles; indeed, these prefixes form a part of her art, as the old painters often designed their own frames. There is a shadow of the afternoon about her landscape, although her years hardly justify it; as in some fine verses called "A Chant of the Fought Field," with the motto *Nunc dimittis* (p. 34):

> "As one who under evening skies
> Upon a fought field stricken lies
> (Unknown for stains of blood and grime),
> Is fain the mortal shaft to draw
> And let life issue through the flaw,
> Even so am I, and even so,
> Unhand me, Time, and let me go—
> Unhand me, Time!"

Dr. Weir Mitchell's endless versatility shows itself in a dramatic poem, 'Francis Drake: A Tragedy of the Sea' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is rather of the cut-and-thrust order, as it should be, and rather weak in its lyrics, as is apt to be the case with modern dramas; yet it is of stanch Elizabethan oak. He also gives us another slender volume, 'The Mother, and Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which keeps up to the standard of his previous work, perhaps, but does not enhance it. We like best the shorter poems, which have often a very Landor-like quality, as this (p. 64):

THE RISING TIDE.

> An idle man I stroll at eve
> Where move the waters to and fro;
> Full soon their added gains will leave
> Small space for me to come and go.
>
> Already in the clogging sand
> I walk with dull, retarded feet;
> Yet still is sweet the lessening strand
> And still the dying light is sweet.

The literary currents that set more and more perceptibly from the West bring a volume, 'Green Fields and Running Brooks,' by James Whitcomb Riley (Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill), full of good sense and nonsense; and from the secondary, but still agreeable, muse of Eugene Field, a little book called 'Trumpet and Drum,' published, for a wonder, in New York, and not in Chicago. Younger writers from more wholly rural regions follow in their wake, as, for instance, Sam Walter Foss, with 'Back Country Poems' (Boston: Potter), of which poems the scene is laid mainly in New England, while the dialect is strangely indistinguishable from that of Hoosierdom. One evil for which the dialect poets are all responsible, and which is held by many to be essential for popular fame, is the constant recurrence of what they would perhaps call the *refrain*, though it would more properly be called the jingle. Every line must end with its catch-word, or every verse with its catch-line. Thus, opening Mr. Foss's book almost at random, we find for closing jingle in the various poems:

"The sweet mellifluous milking of the cow" (3 verses),

"He has a future front of him" (7 verses),

"That long, long path through the wood" (5 verses),

"The Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home" (4 verses);

and so on indefinitely. Yet, after all, it is so pleasant to see Whittier's "twin Uncanoonucs" heartily celebrated in verse, that one is disposed, in this case, to pardon the jingle.

'Ranch Verses,' by William Lawrence Chittenden (Putnams)—he is called facetiously "Larry" Chittenden on the cover—has, of course, its share of the jingle; but it conveys much genial information, not always uncouthly, about Texas and cowboys and round-ups, and it has such capital photographic illustrations, ranging from Santa Fé to East Gloucester, that one must really attach some value to the book. In 'Red Leaves and Roses,' by Madison Cawein (Putnams), we find the well-known stage properties and profusion that always belong to this too prolific poet, mingled with that real love of nature which is his redeeming trait. He is slowly maturing out of the imitativeness which marked his earlier youth; but Swinburne and alliteration still capture him at intervals, as thus (p. 55):

> "Under the limes and the ash-trees lodging
> Loops of the limpid waters lie,
> Shaken by schools of the minnows dodging
> The sudden wings of the butterfly."

In a Canadian author, John Henry Brown ('Poems Lyrical and Dramatic.' Ottawa: Durie), the imitation is directed to that very perilous model, Whitman:

> "Henceforth, I said, the function of the poet is changed, for me it is changed.
> I demand that the earth shall be beautiful for all men;
> That the gods and goddesses shall walk the common ways;
> That they shall not be housed in skyey mansions but in the dwellings that line each street.
> Henceforth I demand that the exclusive be done away with;
> That all men and all women shall meet on equal terms" (p. 101).

It is not needful to turn to the "Sonnet to Walt Whitman" (p. 64) in order to know whence came all this utterance. But is it not "the function of a poet" to speak his own thoughts in his own fashion—Whitman in his way and John Henry Brown in his? Nevertheless, our young Ottawa bard writes in a generous spirit, and may yet have thoughts and expression all his own.

One of Whitman's most ardent admirers is Mr. Frank Sewall, who has translated many of the 'Poems' of Giosuè Carducci, prefaced by two introductory poems which are full of information and suggestion. The translator finds in Carducci the conspicuous type of what he calls "classic realism," and there is certainly something Homeric in his fresh pictures from nature and in his apparently undisturbed fidelity to the Greek gods. Yet there is something modern, and perhaps even Christian, rather than Homeric, in the manner in which the poet not merely paints his bovine model, but loves him and humanizes him (p. 77):

THE OX.

T'amo, pio bove.

> I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling
> Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.
> How solemn, like a monument, thou art!
> Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,
> Under the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,
> To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.
> He shouts and goads, and, answering thy smart,
> Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.
>
> From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise
> Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells,
> Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.
> In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes
> Of emerald, broad and still reflected dwells
> All the divine green silence of the plain.

The Celtic infusion which is gradually giving an added piquancy to our American literature, as to our life, now makes itself perceptible in four different volumes—'Songs for the Hour,' by D. M. Jones (Philadelphia: Lippincott); 'The Borrowed Bride: A Fairy Love Legend of Donegal,' by Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy (Holt Bros.); 'Songs and Sonnets,' by Maurice Francis Egan (Chicago: McClurg); and 'Mâlmôrda: A Metrical Romance,' by Joseph I. C. Clarke (Putnams). All these have fire and flavor, and that peculiarly domestic tone so often found in the Celtic muse; and several of them draw upon the rich store of Irish tradition so skilfully worked by Aubrey de Vere.

The choicest book in the recent American yield is 'The Winter Hour, and Other Poems,' by Robert Underwood Johnson (The Century Co.)—for the author, in addition to his other gifts, has that of selection, and does not try to float a hundred poor poems by one good one.

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It is a little volume of less than ninety pages, and it contains absolutely no poor work, although the reader must demur a little at the choice which prefaces an American volume by an invocation to the English gorse. But the title-poem of the book is homelike and American through and through, and ranks with 'Snow-Bound' and 'The Wayside Inn' as a continuous and sustained strain; with possibly some finer and more delicate touches than are to be found in either. The four lyrics which intersperse it are all gems, besides; and this is a very rare thing, since the lyrics in a longer poem are apt to prove opiates, not stimulants. This is one of the most felicitous (p. 4):

HEARTH-SONG.

When November's night comes down
With a dark and sudden frown,
Like belated traveller chill,
Hurrying o'er the tawny hill,
Higher, higher
Heap the pine cones in a pyre!
Where's a warmer friend than fire?

Song's but solace for a day;
Wine's a traitor not to trust;
Love's a kiss and then away;
Time's a peddler deals in dust;
Higher, higher
Pile the driftwood in a pyre!
Where's a firmer friend than fire?

Knowledge was but born to-night;
Wisdom's to be born to-morrow;
One more log—and banish sorrow,
One more branch—the world is bright.
Higher, higher
Crown with balsam-boughs the pyre!
Where's an older friend than fire?

This is something that sings itself, indeed, like Keats's "Robin Hood." And a twin poet of New York is also a master of the rousing stave and the dancing melody, as many a page of *Puck* can bear witness. Mr. Bunner's 'Rowen: Second Crop Songs' (Scribners) is a book full of joyousness and old-time and new-time melodies; and though Mr. Bunner's wit is so daring that he, for the first time, immortalizes the New York Israelite in verse, yet his book begins with home and ends with "The Ingle Nook."

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

The Rise of the British Dominion in India. By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lord Lawrence. By Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. [Rulers of India.] Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.

THE first of these books is a sketch, clear and instructive, though from its succinctness unavoidably cold, of the rise of the British empire in India. The second is a life of one of the noblest of the men by whom that empire has been maintained, written by one who served under him and has had access to the best sources of information. Perhaps we should call it a biographical essay rather than a life, as the writer is aware that it hardly observes the literary form and proportions of a biography, and aims at supplementing previous lives by treatment of special points, such as Lawrence's policy and action in regard to Afghan affairs. Still, it gives a vivid picture of the man.

It will help us to take a calm and just view of British dominion in India if we regard it as an immense survival from an era of morality now almost past. Chatham avowed himself "a lover of honorable war," nor would any American colonist in the time of Chatham, except, perhaps, a Philadelphia Quaker, have protested against British conquest. Such was then the universal sentiment. If the prize fell to England rather than to Portugal, Spain, Holland, or France, all of which competed for it with her, it was not because England was more rapacious or unscrupulous than the rest. The Roman Empire, and empires generally, including the transitory empire of Napoleon and the Russian empire in Asia, had been formed by expansion from a territorial centre. But the Indian empire of a European Power had to be formed by advancing from a sea base. The most formidable rival of England was Holland, which, though inferior in magnitude, had the advantage, as Sir Alfred Lyall has pointed out, of being wholly commercial and devoted to the promotion of her trade, while in the case of Great Britain the singleness of national purpose was impaired by the divergent interest of a landed aristocracy. But Holland was enfeebled by the attacks of France, which thus unwittingly relieved England of her chief commercial rival. The arm of Portugal was not long or strong enough, and in the critical hour she fell under the dominion of Spain, whose field was in the other hemisphere, while she was herself dominated by influences paralyzing to commercial enterprise. France was a military rather than a naval Power, and lack of an assured sea base turned against her the balance which for some time had wavered between her Dupleix and England's Clive. The French East India Company, moreover, was, as Sir Alfred Lyall observes, the weak creature of a government which was itself sapped by its abuses and corruption, while the English Company had great strength of its own, was powerful in Parliament, and enjoyed the further advantage over its rival of being served by experts of the highest order. When to these circumstances are added the native qualities and general training of the Anglo-Saxon race, Sir Alfred Lyall is well warranted in saying that the development of the English East India Company into an Eastern empire was no mere chapter of accidents.

There is one point, however, which he has not noticed. He says rightly that the dissolution of the Mogul empire was partly due to the bigotry of the Emperor Aurangzeb, a fanatical Islamite after the fashion of Fadladeen in "Lalla Rookh," who, unlike his politic predecessors, especially Ackbar, the founder of the empire, persecuted the religion of his Hindu subjects. Catholic conquerors such as the Portuguese and Spaniards, and in a measure even the French, were essentially propagandist, and always inclined to persecute, as the Portuguese of Goa during their brief ascendency too plainly showed. But the religion of the Englishman, like that of the Roman, was largely political; he recognized the various religions of the heathen as political and social necessities equally with his own, and, far from ever attempting forcible conversion, looked with coldness even upon missionary effort. He did so at least in the days when his dominion was in process of formation. "No gentleman ever changes his politics or his religion," was said by an eminent Anglo-Indian official with direct reference to the Hindu, whose title, when he is of high caste, to the consideration of a gentleman is admitted at the same time with the social parity of his religion.

The Mogul empire broke up, as Eastern empires (when the dynasty has outlived its vigor) usually break up, in a deluge of confusion, amid which lawless powers ascended ephemeral thrones of rapine, while the fearful Maratha and his murderous parasite the Pindari swept the country in their desolating raids. Already, towards the beginning of Aurangzeb's long reign, François Bernier had reported to Colbert a state of political and economical decline in which property was insecure, government was unstable, and justice was denied. In such a chaos any power of order was sure to be welcome, and, if strong, was sure to grow. The Hindus had no nationality to be hurt by foreign rule; they were accustomed to be governed by foreigners; the Mogul Emperors were foreigners, their ministers and their courts were foreigners, a motley crowd; and it signified little whether the invader came from the Northern Mountains or from the Southern Sea. A Hindu's nationality is his caste. Caste the Englishman was willing scrupulously to respect, nor has he ever violated it saving by mere mischance. From a commercial company armed for its own defence, and compelled by the necessities of its position to engage in diplomacy and war, at a distance from the seat of its own Government, to a political Power, the transition was perfectly natural. The period of the worst abuses was during the transition, while the traders were exercising territorial power, making war, and raising revenue without political authority or responsibility. It was terminated, Sir Alfred Lyall says, by Clive's judicious acceptance of the formal grant of political authority from the Mogul Emperor, and, it must be added, by the institution of a regular civil service, though still under mercantile names and forms.

The introduction of imperial control embodied in Pitt's India Act was a necessary sequel to this change, since it would have been impossible to permit the existence of an *imperium extra imperium* which would have entangled the British Government in international responsibilities and wars. The system of control continued in operation down to the great Mutiny, when the Company, by the revolt and dissolution of its army, ceased to exist as a military Power, and direct dominion was assumed by the Crown, not without misgivings on the part of some who dreaded, on account of England and India alike, the incorporation of a despotic empire with a free commonwealth. It was jealously provided that the imperial title of Empress should never be used in Great Britain, but no titular safeguard could annul the dangers of the union. In fact, the Indian empire is in more peril from the influence of British democracy than is British democracy from the influence of the Indian empire. American democracy finds it desperately difficult to say what it would do with Hawaii, and Hindustan is a very big Hawaii.

That the extension of the British empire in India has been the result of a crafty and far-reaching policy is untrue. There has, on the contrary, been on the part of the British Government a constant dread of extension and a perpetual effort to fix its limit. The preamble of Pitt's India Act sets forth, as the ground of its enactment, that "to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India are measures repugnant to the wish, the honor, and the policy of the nation." But no resolution or manifesto can arrest the progress of a power of order sustained by administrative vigor and military force over a continent full of tyranny, anarchy, rapine, and distraction. It will be found that the frontiers of the Indian empire have been advanced for the most part in defensive war against barbarous and disorderly neighbors who had successively flung themselves against it. The last conquest, that of the Punjab, the scene of Lawrence's famous administration, was brought about through an invasion of the British territory by a licentious and ungoverned soldiery, for which no provocation had been given.

Nor can it be said that the empire is one of

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mere force. The population of Hindustan cannot be less than two hundred and fifty millions. The British army of occupation does not exceed seventy thousand, with a hundred and fifty thousand native auxiliaries, whose efficiency and fidelity, however, depend on their combination with British troops, while feudatory princes are allowed to keep on foot armies which, though vastly inferior in quality, number in the aggregate three hundred and fifty thousand. Native opinion and the native press are free to an extent which they have never known under any other conqueror. The Government is active and liberal in the promotion of education, from which, as it is apt to promote independence of spirit as well as of mind, a government conscious that it rested only on force would be likely to shrink, while educated natives have been associated with the conqueror in the work of government almost as far as it was possible without his actual abdication. Metternich's saying, that "you may do anything with bayonets except sit upon them," is not confuted by the stability of British empire in India.

It is difficult to strike fairly the balance between the good and evil of British empire in India, so naturally, and, generally speaking, so rightly, do we identify conquest with oppression. But the saying, that if the British were to depart from India they would leave behind them no memorial but their empty beer-bottles, if it has not lost its smartness, has by this time lost its justice. A peace of forty years, unbroken saving by the Mutiny, has produced a vast growth of population, and, coupled with a security of property unknown under native despotism, a proportionate increase of wealth; though among the peasant class it has unfortunately entailed at the same time an enhanced pressure on the means of subsistence. The conqueror has never drawn any tribute from the conquered beyond the payment of the services; nor has he monopolized commerce. He has held India for free trade. He has encouraged local manufactures, though they have competed with his own. He has abolished immoral customs, such as suttee and female infanticide, and is proceeding cautiously to other social reforms. By the construction of railways he has not only facilitated communication, but has greatly mitigated the local famines, caused by imperfect distribution, which laid cities and districts waste in former days. He has promoted education, he has built colleges, and sent forth from them a set of highly educated natives, which would hardly survive his withdrawal. His attitude towards Christianity has been greatly changed of late years, and he now presents himself avowedly as a Christian ruler, finding that he can do this with safety so long as he is true to perfect toleration. Missionaries of all Christian churches —American as well as British—preach the Gospel to the heathen under his protection. Above all, he has impressed on a vast area of humanity, over which force formerly reigned, Anglo-Saxon respect for law.

On the other side are the evils inseparable from the dominion of an alien race—a race more alien than ever since the increased facility of communication with England has put an end to that temporary identification of the Anglo-Indian with the land of his exile which was habitual when India was separated from England by a six months' voyage. The bearing of a dominant race, especially of its lower and ruder members, such as the common soldier, towards a subject race, can never be that of fellow-citizens. Native rule in itself must be most congenial, though it does not appear that many natives avail themselves of the liberty of migration from the British provinces to those under native rule. Spontaneous development, even when less rapid and on a lower level, is always to be preferred to that which is imported and enforced. Characteristic productions of native intellect, skill, and taste disappear, as do the picturesque forms of native life, before the intrusive civilization, and the British lords of India will leave behind them no Taj of Agra or Mosque of Delhi.

That British rule of India has at least its beneficent side may be said to be proved by its production of such characters as Lawrence, who is only the highest among a numerous group. In no kingdom of evil could such a man have found a mission which entirely satisfied not only his love of action but his love of good. Though thoroughly tolerant, he was intensely religious, belonging most distinctly to the Christian period of the empire, and he was thoroughly convinced of the Christian character of his work. When the empire is saved from the ruin with which it was threatened by the Mutiny, he recognizes in its preservation the hand of God, and pours forth his soul in devout gratitude. Nobly pleading for mercy to the misguided mutineers, he says:

"There is a judge over both them and us. Inasmuch as we have been preserved from impending destruction by His mercy alone, we should be merciful to others; reflecting that if He were to be extreme to much that we have done and still do amiss, we should forfeit that protection from on high which alone maintains us in India."

Seeing what this man was able to do as an organizer, a civilizer, a moral and social reformer, among the people over whom he was said to rule, and seeing how he had trained himself for duty, not for the stump or for vote-hunting, we cannot help feeling that if the empire and its services were now to pass away, a mould of public character might be broken which there would be hardly anything at once to replace. Hereafter, in some way which it is difficult now to foresee, the stump and duty may become one, and popular election may give birth to public servants like John Lawrence.

England is losing, if she has not already lost, her old command of the sea. Hardly could she keep open her communication with India if she were at war with Mediterranean Powers. Railroads and other unifying influences of her own creation are lessening the divisions between native races and districts which have formed one security for her rule. The sinews of conquest are being relaxed, and its almost indispensable methods are being banned by the advance of moral sentiment. Above all, democracy is gaining ground in the imperial country, and is fundamentally incompatible with the government of an empire. Perhaps, when the fatal hour arrives, the comparative merit of the Anglo-Indian empire may be rewarded by a comparative euthanasia, and, instead of being broken up by native revolt or overwhelmed by Russian invasion, it may pass away by a gradual and peaceful process, leaving its realm to natives trained in its own service and imbued with Anglo-Saxon principles of law and government.

Out of Doors in Tsarland. By Fred. J. Wishaw. Longmans, Green & Co.

In his preface, our author expresses the hope that "a book on Russia in whose pages, from beginning to end, no reference is made to Russia's mission in the East, or Peter the Great's will, no allusion to Nihilists, and no mention whatever of Siberia, may possibly be esteemed a novelty by readers." It certainly is refreshing to find a man who is willing to refrain from discussing what he does not know about Russia. But readers owe Mr. Wishaw still another debt of gratitude, for having presented to them certain aspects of Russian life which have not been touched upon, and for having set forth the beauties of the Russian winter, so greatly misunderstood and dreaded by foreigners, with a simple heartiness which carries conviction of his sincerity. His chapters on a "Blackcock Tournament," "King Capercaillzie," "Russian Woodcock," "Solitary Snipe," a "Week among the Snow Tracks," "Bruin," and a "Wolf Battue," deserve to rank among the very best records of sport which have been penned. He is a keen observer of the habits of his game, and has a talent for sparkling description of the game's feelings and manœuvres, while his pictures of the winter forests and plains, the champagne-like atmosphere, the ice and snow effects, and winter sports, are not easily to be surpassed. So vivid is the presentation that the reader will imagine he has coursed the soft snow on snowshoes and drunk in the delicious, bracing air, even if he has never been in Russia.

In this portion of the book, the portraits of people, though clear and sufficient, stand out less conspicuously than in the part which is devoted to a consideration of a "Russian Village," the "Streets of St. Petersburg," and the carnival and fasting seasons. The latter scenes are characteristic and well chosen, and very well described, though there is a tendency to overdo the smartness of style, which grates at times and gives the effect of artificiality. There is much to commend in these descriptions, but we must express surprise at the occasional lapses from accurate observation, which are rather remarkable in a man with relatives resident in St. Petersburg and abundant opportunities for correcting faulty impressions. We cite a few of the more salient instances: "Every policeman lives in his own little house, about the size of a moderately large dog-kennel, and one of these is planted at the corner of each principal thoroughfare." Then follows a description of the manner in which the policeman is generally asleep within when anything is going wrong without, his rushing forth, belated, without his outer garment, and so on. To a person who recalls the occasional tiny sentry-boxes, for soldier guards, in which they do not stand and could not sleep, and the alertness of the police, who are always in the middle of the streets and never on the sidewalks near the boxes, this is amazingly wide of the mark. But it is gratifying to find Mr. Wishaw paying a just tribute to the cleverness of the police in detecting evil doing, and their inoffensiveness in general. "The Russian police are not unnecessarily prone to suspect every visitor or inhabitant; if satisfied of the innocence of those dwelling under their authority, they never interfere to the annoyance of such citizens; blunders are of rare occurrence."

Mr. Wishaw's strictures on the discomforts of the drosky and the izvostchik's cleanliness (or the lack of it) and his driving, are also somewhat peculiar. His opinion of the Russian bath will be contested by millions of Russians and thousands of foreigners. But he is to be commended for doing justice to the good qualities of the peasants, and setting forth in what particulars their life demands alteration and in what points it cannot reasonably be changed. Just what he means by declaring that the churches are poorly attended, except during

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Lent, it is impossible for any one to understand who has been subjected to a Russian crush on every Sunday and all the innumerable festivals, and who has seen on ordinary days what would be a respectable congregation in other lands in nearly every church he has ever entered; and the complicated inaccuracies of his description of the Easter service of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, from the "gas jets" (never permitted in any Russian church) to the details of the ceremony, defy correction here. In this connection, Mr. Wishaw's just remarks on the amount of sincerity in religion are worth quoting, as an offset to the sneers common with those who are less well posted:

"I should think, on the whole, that there is a far larger share of honest religious feeling in it [fasting and so forth] than those who are personally unacquainted with the people of Russia would easily believe. . . . That the Moscovites are a deeply religious people is apparent to the observer at every turn. . . . In a word, Ivan Ivanovitch takes his religion with him wherever he goes; it is an integral part of his daily life, not a thing to be put away during the week and trotted out on Sundays with the best coat and hat; he draws upon it at all and every moment [*sic*], as the most natural thing to do. . . . This sort of thing becomes a habit, no doubt [*i. e.*, the signs of the cross, and constant appeals to religion]; but there must surely be a solidity about a man's ideas as to religion and its uses before he can habituate himself to using it as Ivan does, as a constant fund upon which he may draw at any moment when in need of moral support."

Mr. Wishaw has written a delightful book, which can be read with as much pleasure by the layman as the sportsman, and which stands out in bold relief from the hackneyed repetitions of oft-told errors from the pens of the ignorant or the prejudiced.

Korea from its Capital. By the Rev. George W. Gilmore, M.A. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

In the production of a library of books on Korea American writers keep pace with those of England. A notable complement to the octavos is this neat duodecimo volume of somewhat over three hundred pages, with index, from the pen of the Rev. George W. Gilmore, who with two or three other gentlemen went out from Union Theological Seminary in this city to lay the foundations of Korean education. We remember at the time a criticism made by a medical missionary long resident in the East, that it was a bad sign that modern education was to be begun in this once hermit nation by theologically trained men. Time has shown, however, that there was little danger to be apprehended, for two of the three men have made most valuable contributions to our knowledge of the language, people, and country, and it is evident that they have faithfully and conscientiously performed their educational work without an undue propagandist tendency. Mr. Gilmore's book does, indeed, contain a chapter on missions, and the tone of his work is that of a Christian man who wishes well to the people among whom he has apparently dwelt on the best of terms. But it is evident that so long as the earnest and conscientious French missionaries are spoken of as "Romish," and their work disparaged, the problem of the unity of the Church is not to be wrought out on Korean soil.

The book, without being at all brilliant or of first importance, is interesting as an unpretentious description of the people who live in and around the Korean capital. Probably the most amusing chapter is that on the foreigner's life in Séoul. One pleasant novelty which struck the Americans was the regular succession of presents which came to them from the palace at certain times of the year. At one time the gift was fifty pounds of beef; at another, six large fish of from ten to twenty pounds weight; at still another, four hundred eggs done up in straw strings containing ten in a string. It seems that in the peninsula they sell eggs by the yard. Again, half-a-dozen live chickens, half a bushel of big chestnuts, and the same quantity of English walnuts constituted the congratulatory offering. When persimmons were ripe, three or four hundred specimens of the luscious fruit would be sent; but the world must be informed that Korean persimmons have little of that awful stringency and puckering which their namesakes in other parts of the world cause to the eater. A dozen pheasants, forty or eighty fans of various patterns, and other specimens of Korean products came to the Government employee's door. While the meat and fish were sometimes rather ancient and gamey in odor, the Korean servants never seemed to mind the smell, and the gratuity of about a dollar or a dollar and a half was cheerfully paid to the bearer of the presents. The Koreans are not æsthetically inclined, like the Japanese, and instead of the artist's ideal creation of a bronze dragon with a crystal ball in his mouth, the American man of science was confronted with the actual sight of great crowds beating drums and gongs and firing off guns to make the monstrous creature up in the clouds vomit up the moon which it had swallowed.

Other incidents with which Mr. Gilmore sprinkles his lively pages show that the Koreans, while not having enough religion "to go round," have an abundant supply of superstitions. Buddhism, it seems, was smitten with paralysis several centuries ago, traditionally on account of the treachery towards the present dynasty shown by Buddhist priests; and so the faith imported from India is under a ban, and Buddhist temples cannot be erected in any Korean city. In the mountains and at certain strategic points the monks occupy the fortified monasteries, nominally as a clerical militia, but practically as a lot of lazy beggars and mountebanks. Indeed, while the Koreans of the upper classes are personally clean, intelligent, companionable, and have a fine literary training in the Chinese classics, they have few of the characteristics which fit them for the life of this century. The gentry and the noble class are not expected to work, and it is good form for a *yang-ban*, or gilded youth, to starve or beg, but it is very disgraceful for him to work. Herein lies the greatest barrier against the advance of the country in civilization. The elegant loafer's wife may work or supply means, but *he* must not soil his hands. This rigid theory of Korean life is constantly observed in practice. As soon as a nobleman loses official position, he becomes a hanger-on at the home of some relation, and is a Korean Micawber until the turn of the wheel restores him to the public crib. It is evident that (notwithstanding the interesting consular reports showing the slow but sure advance of Korea's foreign trade) so long as petroleum is sold in the capital city a gill at a time, this country will not disturb the mercantile equilibrium of the world. At the capital there is one German firm and one American which subsist chiefly by trade in military equipments with the Government, the majority of traders at the ports being Japanese, and the Chinese coming next in number. The two American military instructors who were invited to Séoul had difficulty in procuring their salaries. The chief occupation of the gentry seems to be to smoke tobacco and to sit for hours at a time, not on chairs, nor exactly on the floor, nor on their knees and heels, like the Japanese, but simply in a squatting position on their haunches. On the subject of the independence of Korea, Mr. Gilmore has as much difficulty in forming an opinion as those students of Eastern life who have pondered the subject for years. Though the United States is the only nation which has a minister resident in Séoul, he inclines to the conclusion that Korea is an independent nation.

The book has a distinct charm on account of the sunny memories enjoyed and the pleasant associations which the author evidently had with the authorities and people. And yet, after all is told, the work is not likely to prompt Americans to go to Korea, nor calculated to tempt our people, as yet, to invest their money in the precarious trade which now exists. Of especial value are the couple of dozen full-page pictures, which are copied from photographs and give insight into the architecture, scenery, costumes, and religious symbols; while on page 73–4 are three pretty poems, translated by the Rev. Henry Loomis of Yokohama, Japan, which show the cultivated Korean's love of philosophy and of natural scenery. One of them is by the Korean who has lived for a number of years in Japan, Kim Ok Kiun. This gentleman was one of those who in the *coup d'état* of 1884, after endeavoring to revolutionize Korea in twenty-four hours, paid with exile the penalty of their failure.

Cassell's New Biographical Dictionary. Cassell Publishing Company. 1893.

The "Introductory Note" (unsigned) to this plump volume of 741 pages, 12mo, would make a capital "reading notice," and save the critic much trouble if he could conscientiously adopt it. He has cited for him the opinion of "one eminently fitted to judge" (unnamed) that this Dictionary is "a thoroughly reliable work of reference." Further he is told that "once used [it] will never be dispensed with." Still, we have thought it proper to turn the pages a little.

The more condensed a work of this kind, the harder it is to keep a just proportion between the several biographies, especially when, as here, the living are commingled with the dead. It should not surprise us, therefore, that the two foremost statesmen of the day, Gladstone and Bismarck, surpass all other personages in respect of allotted space—three-quarters of a page (or a column and a half) for each. A column then seems generous for John Bright, and excessive for William E. Forster; Cobden gets less than half as much, as do Gambetta, Moltke, Mazzini, and Cavour. Garibaldi gets rather more than a column, standing third on the list, so far as we have observed. On this side of the water Davis and Lincoln get each 21 lines to Grant's 31 and Garfield's 45. Judged by this standard, Garfield appears to be the greatest American, past or present. Mr. Cleveland is dismissed in 8 lines, and though the Introductory Note boasts of Tennyson's death being recorded, no mention is made of Cleveland's unique Presidential reëlection. The printing of the Dictionary had probably gone too far. It is characteristically English to give, in the realm of music, 46 lines to Handel and only 39 to Bach, 28 to Beethoven, and 18 to Wagner. Among contemporary poets Hugo and Browning take a decided lead; even Mrs. Browning outstrips Tennyson. In fiction Dickens has 45 lines to Thackeray's 18, and George

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Eliot's 23, Tolstoi's 8, and Turgeneff's 7. Manifestly disproportionate are the 18 lines given to Gatling, as against 16 to Morse and 12 to Edison. But astronomy perhaps presents the most curious scale, flattering as it is to America, *e. g.*, Tycho Brahe 4 lines, Laplace and Leverrier 9 each, Kepler and W. Herschel 18 each, B. A. Gould 27, and Galileo 36.

We have not made a separate examination for omissions, but we think F. G. Burnaby might have been spared for Thomas Lyttleton, and Celia Parker Wooley for Simon Newcomb. We should also have expected to meet with Laboulaye and Carducci, if not with De Amicis.

Some inconsistencies are noticeable. Horatius, Livius, Plinius, Pompeius, and Sallustius seem to establish a rule, until we come to Terence and Virgil. Capriciously, the best biography is named at the close of a notice, as under Darwin, Franklin Pierce, and Garfield; but the rule is to omit such references, and of all the poor lives of Garfield that which is singled out as best is not to be so regarded. The dates are, according to our tests, exceedingly correct, and we have encountered no error like that of assigning the birth year 1822 (for 1810) to Mrs. Gaskell. But this lady is also badly treated by being rechristened Mary (in place of Elizabeth C.). Marryatt and Herschell run counter to the accepted spelling of these names. Saint Gandens (for Saint Gaudens) is a pardonable typographical confusion.

General Jackson. By James Parton. [Great Commanders.] D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. x, 332.

Mr. Parton had made the biography of Andrew Jackson his specialty by his earlier and extensive work. He was therefore well fitted to prepare the compact single-volume Life for a popular series. He died before it went to press, and it therefore closes the work of a life of remarkable literary activity. His strength lay in sympathy with the tastes and needs of the great mass of readers, who look for a lively treatment of a subject rather than for extensive investigation or profound learning.

In accordance with the plan of the series, Jackson's military career is here given with all the fulness that could be desired. The sketch of his earlier life shows the intense will and impetuous passions which were native in him, and tells the story of the Southern frontier life, with its personal conflicts, in which he grew up. His fearless, combative character, united with strong common-sense, made the basis of a good soldier, and he never pretended to any military education but what he gained in his vigorous campaigns against the Indians. His only contest with a civilized enemy was in his defence of New Orleans, a brief but glorious campaign.

Mr. Parton has made good use of all the material available for the history of the contest with the Creeks, whose outbreak was part of the general uprising of the Indians planned by Tecumseh, and showed the scope of the genius of that great leader of the aborigines. The campaign of New Orleans is divided into sections, giving all the successive steps of preparation and concentration of forces, with the reconnoitring, the British landing and advance, Jackson's night attack, his withdrawal to his defensive lines, Pakenham's final assault and defeat, and the retreat of the enemy under Gen. Lambert. The details are handled with a good deal of dramatic force, and the interest is rather intensified than dissipated by the abundant store of incidents which are made to give lifelike vividness to the history.

The author's criticism of Jackson's faults, both personal and political, is frank and explicit, and he avoids the temptation of extravagant hero-worship, of which Old Hickory in his lifetime had, perhaps, a larger experience than any other political leader in our history. His political career is briefly given, but the outline is a distinct one, and while the volume professedly deals with his military life as its principal topic, it is quite likely to be found sufficiently full in other respects to become the popular biography of a remarkable and picturesque character.

The Philosophy of Singing. By Clara Kathleen Rogers. Harper & Bros.

This little book would be better, as a whole, if there were less philosophy and theology in it. There is a lack of concreteness in the first chapters that makes them uninteresting; but in the later chapters the author more than redeems herself. In Part II., which is devoted to the mechanism and technique of singing, there is a great amount of sound advice, without a trace of the charlatanry and assumption of the "only genuine and original" art of teaching singing which makes most books on this subject worthless. The question of the registers is sensibly discussed, and there are some excellent directions regarding the seemingly paradoxical subject of "silent exercises" in singing. One of the subjects treated in Part III. is "Stage Fright: Its Cause and Its Cure." The immediate cause of this, the author thinks, is "lack of proper concentration, which lack of concentration has its real cause in egotism." The cure lies in cultivating the habit of not trying to distinguish one's self, but of giving the whole attention to the composer one is called on to interpret. "In a word, egotism, or consideration of self, being eliminated, the concentration would be perfect, and, with perfect concentration, stage-fright would be an impossibility." This chapter alone would make it worth while for most students of song to read Mrs. Rogers's book.

In her preface Mrs. Rogers makes the prophecy that "the greatest days of art are yet to come, and that the greatest singers have not yet been heard," which contrasts pleasantly with the current foolish and ignorant talk about the "lost art" of song. Male singers ceased some time ago to execute florid music, and the prima donna will soon follow. We shall then have vocalists who can sing the music of Bach, Schumann, Wagner, Schubert, and Franz—that is, vocal music in which the idea, the emotion, and expression are the main thing and take the place of a string of meaningless vocal embroideries for the singer's glorification. If the author had brought out this point and dwelt on it with concrete illustrations, she could have made her little treatise still more useful.

Scotland before 1700. By P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1893.

In this volume, which may be considered as supplementing his 'Early Travellers in Scotland,' already reviewed in these columns, Mr. Brown endeavors to show from contemporary writers that, during the four centuries preceding 1700, a remarkable degree of comfort and civilization was to be found among the Scottish people. While some of these writers are willing to admit that among the cities of France there could be found more of "outward elegance," they agree in thinking that the Scotch peasantry were better off than those of the same class in other countries of Europe. In corroboration of the statements of individual writers, Mr. Brown cites numerous State papers, acts of Parliament, and other contemporary records, most of which he has kindly translated into English out of consideration for those who cannot read mediæval Scotch as they run. It is interesting to note from these papers the gradual decline of the nobles and the increased importance of the middle class.

Among legislative curiosities is a law of 1449 for the punishment of "bards and other such runners about," which must have given relief to the editors of the period. Another of 1447 imposed a fine on players of "the football and the golf," but this piece of barbarism does not seem to have seriously hampered the march of improvement. From certain accounts of the High Treasurer, about 1515, it appears that when the Lord Governor played chess at Perth, he lost thirteen shillings, which would indicate a defective knowledge of the openings; while, about the same period, the King had to pay forty shillings for killing a cow with a culverin, showing that accidents sometimes happened to aristocratic sportsmen even in those far-off days.

If Mr. Brown has not clearly proved the truth of his theory, he has gathered together a large amount of materials which cannot fail to be of interest to the student of Scottish history.

Homes in City and Country. By Russell Sturgis, John W. Root, Bruce Price, Donald G. Mitchell, Samuel Parsons, jr., W. A. Linn. With 100 illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

Magazines make strange bedfellows, and we find in 'Homes in City and Country' a company of writers whom we should hardly have expected to meet between the covers of one coherent book. The amalgamating influence is *Scribner's Magazine*, which published a series of papers by various authors, on city, suburban, and country houses; and these have now been gathered together. Systematic discussion of the principles of house-planning is apparently difficult, and every one who takes up the subject treats it by the historic or the comparative method. So Mr. Sturgis gives here an interesting survey of the evolution of the American city house in our older towns, with only a little incidental criticism or suggestion; Mr. Root, whose early loss his fellows have not ceased to lament, has left an animated comparison of city houses in the West; Mr. Bruce Price's lively paper on suburban houses is only a little more didactic. Mr. Mitchell sketches in his leisurely literary fashion the charms of a variety of country houses, old and new, with a sympathetic leaning to the old. Mr. Parsons alone, writing of small country places, lays down principles for general following, and he does it simply and well, though slightly and briefly. Mr. Linn's paper is a business account of the working of building associations, and a very encouraging one to men of small means. All the papers are illustrated with the cleverness with which our magazines do such things, and with satisfying appositeness, though one could wish that plans had been more abundant.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Grant. The Scallywag. Cassell. $1.
Barr, Mrs. A. E. A Singer from the Sea. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Bell, Lillian. The Love Affairs of an Old Maid. Harpers.
Benson, E. F. Dodo: A Detail of the Day. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co.

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Brooks, Rev. Arthur. Phillips Brooks. Harpers. 50 cents.
Black, W. Yolande: The Story of a Daughter. Harpers. 80c.
Caine, Rev. C. C. The Martial Annals of the City of York. London: C. J. Clark.
Campbell, J. D. The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Macmillan. $1.75.
Carpé, Adolph. The Pianist and the Art of Music. Chicago: Lyon & Healy.
Carter, C. R. Balzac's Le Curé de Tours. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Cassell's New Biographical Dictionary. Cassell. $2.50.
Chadwick, Rev. J. W. George William Curtis. Harpers. 50 cents.
Cook, Prof. A. S. Leigh Hunt's What is Poetry? Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
Colmore, G. Concerning Oliver Knox. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
De Leon, T. C. Juny; or, Only One Octoroon's Story. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co. 50 cents.
Douglas, Amanda M. Larry. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 50 cents.
Dowie, M. M. Women Adventurers. [Adventure Series.] London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Dreyspring, Adolphe. French Reader on the Cumulative Method. American Book Co.
Dwight, James. Practical Lawn Tennis. Harpers. $1.25.
Easton, Arago. Mortal Man: Poem. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Edwards, Rev. Tryon. A Dictionary of Thoughts. Cassell. $2.50.
Fabia, Philippe. Les Sources de Tacite dans les Histoires et les Annales. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Faith and Criticism: Essays by Congregationalists. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Famous Composers and Their Works. Parts 9—12. Boston: J. B. Millet Co.; New York: Henry T. Thomas.
Figuier, Louis. Joys Beyond the Threshold. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Fletcher, W. I., and Bowker, R. R. The Annual Literary Index, 1892. *Publishers' Weekly.*
Ford, Clarence. Life and Letters of Madame de Krüdener. London: A. & C. Black: New York: Macmillan. $4.50.
Forrester, Mrs. Dearest. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.25.
Gerard, E. The Voice of a Flower. Appletons.
Gerard, Francis A. Angelica Kaufmann: A Biography. New ed. Macmillan. $1.75.
Hovey, Richard. Seaward: An Elegy on the Death of Thomas William Parsons. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Howells, W. D. The Unexpected Guests. Harpers. 50 cents.
Jacobs, H. B., and Brower, Augusta L. The Graphic System of Object Drawing. A. Lovell & Co.
James, H. Picture and Text. Harpers. $1.
Jerrold, Walter. Bon-Mots of Sydney Smith and R. B. Sheridan. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 75 cents.
Knight, E. F. Where Three Empires Meet: A Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Gilgit, and the Adjoining Countries. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Minto, Prof. W. Logic, Inductive and Deductive. [University Extension Manuals.] Scribners. $1.25.
Mitchell's Manual of Boxing. Dick & Fitzgerald.
Muldoon's Wrestling: A Complete Treatise. Dick & Fitzgerald.
Myers, F. W. H. Science and a Future Life, with Other Essays. Macmillan. $1.50.
Newell, Jane H. A Reader in Botany. Part II. Flower and Fruit. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.
Outward and Homeward Bound: A Journal and Note-Book for Ocean Voyages. Randolph. $1.
Potapeeko, N. E. A Father of Six. Cassell. 50 cents.
Sandeau, Jules. Catharine. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.
Scidmore, Eliza R. Appletons' Guide-Book to Alaska and the Northwest Coast. Appletons.
Symonds, Mrs. J. A. Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life. From the Journals of Marian North. Macmillan. $3.50.
Symonds, J. A. Studies of the Greek Poets. 3d ed. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6.
Thanet, Octave. An Adventure in Photography. Scribners. $1.50.

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